THE

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THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL.

I.—THE IMPEACHMENT.

IN reminding the readers of the NEW REVIEW that it was a Conservative Minister who introduced, and succeeded in passing, the Act of 1888, which gave vitality to Municipal Government in London, I would point out that the Council has been crippled in the performance of its proper functions by the fatal policy which was responsible for the result of the election of 1889. At the commencement of that year there was an impression abroad that the approaching election would be conducted without any reference to (Imperial) party politics. Some eminent authorities deprecated the introduction of such an element into the contest, while others, equally distinguished, saw no objection, provided the politics were "municipal." No sooner, however, was the poll declared than it became apparent that the "Progressive" majority had been secured by the subterraneous assistance of Radical clubs and organisations, and that the "Moderates" were in a hopeless minority, because the Unionists had honourably carried out their avowed intention of supporting those candidates who were supposed to be the best adapted for the work before them (as, for instance, in the case of Lord Rosebery in the City of London).

It has since been made clear, however, that this was no chance vote, but was the "rude awakening of Metropolitan Radicalism" in response to the hint thrown out in 1887 that it was the desire of the Radical party "to restore political life by giving London that Municipal Government to which she was entitled," and was the adoption of some recommendations made by Mr. Michael Davitt in the following year, when he suggested a programme which, by a singular coincidence, is almost on all fours with the "Progressive" policy of to-day.

At the very outset of the Council's existence the "Progressists" refused to listen to any suggestion for a compromise, and they insisted upon co-opting as aldermen gentlemen who, with a few exceptions, were best known as advanced politicians of one particular school. Never was a more unfair and unfortunate use made of power by a dominant party, whose cry for years had been that they wanted a body representative of every class to govern London, and who had declared, over and over again, that the question of local management was "outside politics."

It was entirely due to the tact of the Chairman, Lord Rosebery (whose election to that office was opposed, but not, I am glad to say, by a member of the "Moderate" party), in combination with the good sense and good feeling, which I desire to acknowledge, of some of the leading members of the "Progressists," that the unfortunate position taken up in regard to the "Moderate" party did not produce an open conflict in the Council Chamber; but, even as it was, mutual distrust prevailed, and many an incident occurred which would have been better avoided.

I have dwelt upon this initial mistake with no desire to rake up past memories and accentuate difficulties in the future, but in order to illustrate the position in which the minority found themselves placed, and to prove that the "Moderates" are not responsible for the introduction of party politics into the Council. For many months past we "Moderates" have hardly given a vote without its being challenged as a "Tory dodge." Because we have failed to appreciate the advantage, or wisdom, of this or that proposal on its merits, our motives and votes have been questioned in terms of unmeasured abuse, and we have been openly accused of prostituting our consciences to the exigencies of political warfare. Never was a more unjust charge made, and the sweeping nature of its character ought to carry its own refutation when judged by the division lists. Londoners have been told within the last few weeks that a political contest has been forced upon the "Progressists" of the Council by the challenge of the Conservative party, but how are citizens to accept that statement when the same gentleman who made it, in December, 1891, is reported in January, 1892, as saying "they must insist upon an extension of the powers of the County Council. The political programme which he (Professor Stuart) and his friends had adopted was largely bound up with that object" (*i.e.*, with the object of obtaining an extension of powers). This is an exact extract from the report of his speech in *Metropolitan*, January 30th, 1892.

There were, necessarily, some drawbacks incident to the establishment of a new administrative body, caused chiefly by the somewhat unwieldy number of the members, the majority of whom were (I believe) strange to municipal or any other public work. There was earnestness of purpose, I admit, but that very quality was productive of inconvenience because the major portion of them had their hobbies and wanted to ride the whole stud at once. The result was deplorable from a business point of view. The proper duties of the Council were hurried over, or put aside, in order to give place to motions raising academical discussions which could hardly be intended, even by their authors, to lead to any practical result. Hour after hour was so wasted, and at last even Lord Rosebery's patience was exhausted.

"He urged the necessity for expedition in their business. They were debating, one by one, all the municipal measures of the Session. They had been two hours and a half at work, and they had thirteen more reports to discuss. Those thirteen reports contained most important matters, and involved certain points of principle which the Council would have to consider. He did not know what the Council thought, but he would point out that if they were to have long debates on every paragraph of every report, and take up questions of really national importance, they should have to hold not only an adjourned sitting next day, but also one on Thursday."

One of the first matters for consideration by any Government, whether Imperial or Municipal, is that of "ways and means," and in regard to this important subject the new governing body of London, by its majority, made an early and irretrievable blunder. Before the Council was fully constituted, when, in fact, it was "provisional" only, and before its members could even have looked into, much less understood, the financial position, a hasty resolution was passed which had a most important bearing on the future usefulness of the Council. The Metropolitan Board of Works, in conjunction with the City, had agreed to introduce a Bill into Parliament for the continuation of the Coal Dues. It is, no doubt, true that successive Governments had intimated that a prolongation of those dues could not be looked for, and they had partially ceased, but it is nevertheless a fact that the Government had stated that they would be willing to defer to the wishes of the people of London when expressed through their popularly elected representatives, and renew the dues for a time. Instead, however, of adopting a policy which ought to have commended itself to persons possessing a knowledge of business, a hasty vote was carried in the

Council, and it was decided to make no effort to retain a source of revenue which was collected without expense, which brought in some £350,000 a year, and to which London owed its chief and most magnificent public improvements. The consumers of coal and gas were told they would obtain these necessaries of life at a cheaper rate, but they have since been undeceived as the following figures will prove.

The average price of coal per ton has been as follows:—

			s.	d.	
1887	July		13	11	Coal Dues in force.
1888	„		13	9	
1889	„		16	2	Coal Dues abolished.
1890	„		18	9	

The price paid by the gas companies has been also enhanced by some 33 per cent., and gas, instead of being cheaper to the consumer, has been raised from 2s. 6d. to 3s. 1d. per 1,000 cubic feet. While it is estimated that if the dues had been continued they would now be producing something approaching £525,000 a year, equivalent to a rate of 4·032d. in the pound, which has now to be raised directly in rates.

It now became necessary to find some means of bridging over the financial difficulty, and (unless the means could be found for meeting the constant demands for improvements) of securing some safe retreat. This was done by at once withdrawing several important schemes which had advanced so far as to be included in the Bill actually deposited in Parliament by the late Board of Works.

Later in the year (1889) this step was followed up by a resolution postponing all new loans for permanent improvements (which could be postponed without grave inconvenience) until Parliament enacted that the burden should fall upon such persons as the law should hereafter direct, *all private contracts to the contrary notwithstanding.* The result was to put a stop to all improvements, and it is impossible to doubt that the object was the creation of political agitation to re-act upon the Government. In consequence of this decision the expenditure of the Council during the first fifteen months of its existence was £12,525 for public improvements!

In July, 1891, a valuable report was submitted recommending several schemes, all admitted to be important; the Committee were, however, instructed to bring up in the following October such improvements as they deemed urgent. They did so, with the result that all but one were ignominiously rejected.

If the late Board of Works had pursued a similar policy the Woolwich Ferry would not have been in existence now, although its necessity has been proved over and over again by the fact that 10,000,000 of persons and 502,312 vehicles have been conveyed across it in some thirty months. With the greatest difficulty, after nearly three years' consideration, a reluctant assent to construct the Blackwall Tunnel, an improvement quite as valuable as the Woolwich Ferry (for it is independent of fogs), and one urgently needed by the whole East End of London, was wrung from the Council. But as a set-off to this concession the majority refused to contribute towards the southern approach to the new Tower Bridge, which cannot be postponed without inflicting grave loss and inconvenience upon traders and the public. Inconsistent to the last the Council then agreed to undertake the construction, and to contribute a considerable sum towards the cost of the Cromwell Road Bridge, an improvement which, compared with the others I have mentioned, may fairly be described as "local," and as conceived in the interests of the landlords and owners of property in the neighbourhood.

A mischievous proposal was one brought forward by which it was suggested that the system introduced by the late Board, under the sanction of the Treasury, for repaying the loans should be changed. The arrangement provided that the amount should be reimbursed by a series of equal annual repayments spread over the number of years the loan had to run. The change proposed was the substitution of an annuity extending over the prescribed period, which would have had the effect of imposing a lighter burden on the ratepayer of to-day, but a heavier charge upon posterity, with the additional disadvantage that the cost of the loan would be considerably increased. The proposal was discussed *ad nauseam* in the Council, and eventually led to the resignation of Lord Lingen, Chairman of the Finance Committee, who strongly objected to the change, and he was followed by all the financiers on the Committee. The Treasury also raised difficulties, while Sir John Lubbock and Sir Thomas Farrer intimated they could not retain their positions in the Council if the alteration was pressed. So, temporarily, the matter has been allowed to rest, and one of the first duties of the new Council will be to listen to arguments in favour of destroying a system which has worked well since 1869; arguments, moreover, based upon a fallacy, because the annuity system, though good where the grantor has the money in his possession to repay the loan (because he can lend it out,

and so earn interest to meet the interest he in turn has to pay), does not apply to loans contracted by the Council, as the latter has in its annual estimates to levy only so much as the necessities of the year demand, and it has no spare capital in hand. It would be almost impossible to suggest any method more unfair than one throwing on the Londoner some twenty years hence a heavier burden than that which he will have to bear as it is.

I am in complete accord with the vigorous action of the Housing Committee in dealing with insanitary areas under the Housing of the Working Classes Act of 1890; but care must be taken that the owners of slum property and local authorities are not allowed to escape their obligations which for years past have been grossly neglected. At the same time I view with grave doubts the suggestion for erecting municipal lodging-houses, as the effect will be to check the salutary progress already made in the direction of artisans' dwellings by the numerous associations which have already done good work, and are ready to continue.

The purchase of the Tramways I consider will be a financial mistake. It was advocated as being advantageous to passengers and employés alike, but it seems to me that these objects can be attained without the expenditure of one shilling of the ratepayers' money by granting renewals of their concessions to the various companies on condition that they agree to a reduction of their tariff in respect of the whole of their lines. This was suggested by Mr. Marcus Adler in 1890, and, since April last, has been adopted by the North Metropolitan Tramway Company, who run cheap cars between Stratford and Aldgate at a uniform fare of a penny from 6 a.m. to 9 p.m. The same Company has not neglected the interests of its employés, for it has formed a Provident Society, consisting of 1,216 members, and contributes largely to its funds, being, I believe, the pioneers of a system which would be generally accepted throughout London.

I differ with those who maintain that the expenditure compares very favourably with that of the late Board, because the result has only been arrived at by the Council neglecting to carry out its duties in regard to London improvements. But, even as it is, the Council spends twopence halfpenny in the pound more than the Metropolitan Board, when we take into consideration the produce of the Beer and Spirit Dues and the increased rateable value of London.

There are many other matters to be dealt with, but it is impossible to

do so within the limits of an article, but I hope and believe that the Council of the future will not be diverted from the performance of its proper functions, and that when once elected and settled down to work it will strictly enforce the provisions of the Acts passed in 1890 and 1891 relating to the housing of the working classes and public health. I would secure increased facilities for workmen throughout the Tramway system of London by utilising the opportunities afforded by the purchase clauses, and I would urge the Board of Trade "to secure to the working classes the full benefit to which they are entitled" under the Cheap Trains Act of 1883. Within reasonable limits the Council should buy up all land suitable for preservation as open spaces, limiting the expenditure on maintenance as strictly as possible until the cost of acquisition has been relieved by operation of the sinking fund.

I am personally in favour of fair and generous treatment of our servants, but I will be no party to the Council's interference between masters and workmen; and I think the moneys derived from the Beer and Spirit Dues should be applied towards technical education. The Council should press on improvements which all parties admit are desirable, because, by so doing, we effect the removal of slum property, and increase the facilities of communication between one part of London and another, by which time and money are saved to those who live by toil, whether of hand or brain.

It is more than time that the water supply of London was dealt with comprehensively and finally, and I am glad that the proposal of the Government to refer the whole question to a Royal Commission enables one to encourage a hope that it will ere long be settled.

In conclusion, I desire to say that I consider the work which has been done by the various Standing Committees has been excellent, so long as their deliberations have been confined to the prescribed administrative duties of the Council; but there have been numerous instances where recommendations referring to matters foreign to the defined purposes of the Local Management Act have been submitted, with the result that hours have been wasted in acrimonious discussion leading to barren results. While I admire the manner in which members have devoted themselves to their duties, I must express my opinion that the Committees have gone far too deeply into details which it was the duty of our competent officials to report upon. The effect of such a system if pursued in the future must inevitably lead to unsatisfactory results, because it will encourage the staff to shirk their duties, and it will under-

mine the position and authority of the chiefs of departments, at the same time increasing to an enormous extent the number of Committee meetings, without securing any greater efficiency in our administration, or economy in our general management. While I agree with Lord Rosebery that it may be necessary to delegate more power to (one or two of) the Committees, I am strongly opposed to what I gather to be his lordship's meaning, that it may be desirable to place the control in the hands of a few as an executive body.

The real difficulty ahead is the spirit and intention of the Councillors in regard to their functions. If the members will set themselves to work out the various important matters referred to, and kindred subjects, I am satisfied that party distinction will be lost sight of in the Council meetings as happily as it has been in the Committees of the past: but if the programme of the future is to be interference all round, such as is hinted at in various election addresses, I am confident that distrust will be engendered, ill feelings aroused, and that the Council will lose its opportunity of doing real and substantial good in the interests of London as a whole.

T. G. FARDELL.

II.—THE DEFENCE.

THE administration and policy of the Council have admittedly been that of the Progressive majority. It would be easy to record the details of both administration and policy. But I would desire to do more and to examine, if I could find them, any specific charges against either administration or policy. In none of the addresses yet issued by the Reactionists have I found formulated any specific charges on these heads. I can only gather them from violent and unscrupulous articles in the Press, written by Reactionary members of the Council and advocates of class privileges and inequitable exemptions from the burden of rates. The Progressives are generally charged with obstructing all real progress, destroying efficiency of administration, bringing the very name of the Council into disrepute, stopping every important proposition which has not what is called a Socialistic tendency, making the Council an advocate and, so far as it has been able, an agent for one class of the community teaching Socialistic doctrines of dishonesty even

more prominently and undisguisedly than in the past, and with being a body if not actually corrupt at least hopelessly incompetent. These are the charges which have been brought against the Progressive party.

To form a judgment on these matters, I must recall attention to the duties the Council has to perform. It has to deal with the affairs of a population of 4,200,000, a population nearly equal to the urban and rural population of Ireland and exceeding by nearly half a million that of Scotland, crowded into some 600,000 different buildings upon a small area of 75,000 acres, with a gross rateable value of £37,400,000; a levy upon which at the rate of a penny in the pound produces £137,000. It has to supervise the health of this populous area as regards drainage, insanitary areas, and over-crowding. It has the administration of the common poor fund, and the management of 11,000 lunatics. It has to superintend the management of its 2,300 weekly wage employés, and 1,331 persons on yearly salaries. It has to secure London from fire, not only as regards life, but also as regards property. It has also to regulate the licensing of houses for music, dancing, stage-plays, and slaughter-houses; the salaries of coroners and to disburse judicial salaries; to manage the business of elections, maintain the Sessions Houses, regulate the inspection of weights and measures, superintend electric light schemes, and control tramways. It has the management of the old county debt taken over from those portions of the old counties which now form part of the London County, and it has to exercise the statutory rights of purchase as regards tramways placed in its hands by past Acts of Parliament and to exercise absolute control over the county rate which extends over the whole of London, including the City. It has to manage the sinking fund now accumulated to £16,000,000, to provide for the due payment in 1929 of the balance of the 3½ per cent. debt then due, of £8,665,750; in 1941, of the balance of the 3 per cent. debt then due, of £6,631,107; and in 1949 the balance of the 2½ per cent. debt then due, of £1,000,000. It has to attend to the administration of the county funds. All this work has to be carried out by 118 Councillors and 19 Aldermen, or 137 in all, a body numerically less than the County Councillors, apart from the Aldermen, of two counties, say, such as Devon and Dorset.

This body has carried on London's administration by 17 Committees and 3 Special Committees. These Committees meet every day of the week and an illustration of their work may be gathered from the following list of meetings for the week ending February 20th, 1892:—

1892.

FEBRUARY 15TH (MONDAY):—

Hanwell Sub-Committee (at Asylum)	10.45
Cane Hill Sub-Committee (at Spring Gardens)	11.0
Special Sessions for Licensing Knackers' Yards and Cow Houses	2.30
Public Health and Housing Committee	At rising of above
Corporate Property Committee	3.30
Joint Stores Committee	4.0

FEBRUARY 16TH (TUESDAY):—

Asylum Contract Sub-Committee (at 40, Craven Street) ...	11.0
Public Health, &c., Sub-Committee (S.E.)	2.0
Parks, &c., Sub-Committee (S.W.) Special	2.30
COUNCIL	3.0

FEBRUARY 17TH (WEDNESDAY);—

General Purposes Committee (Special)	11.0
Building Act Committee	2.0
Building Act Sub-Committee	At rising of above
Theatres, &c., Committee (View)...	2.0
Finance Committee	2.30
County Rate Committee (Special)	3.30
Improvements Committee...	3.30

FEBRUARY 18TH (THURSDAY):—

Claybury Sub-Committee (at Claybury)	11.0
Main Drainage Sub-Committee (Audit)	1.30
Main Drainage Committee	2.30
Bridges Committee	2.30
Offices Committee...	3.30
Fire Brigade Committee	4.0
Parliamentary Committee...	4.0
Public Health, &c., Sub-Committee (S.W.)	4.30

FEBRUARY 19TH (FRIDAY):—

Banstead Sub-Committee (at Asylum)	10.30
London Standing Joint Committee (at Sessions House, Clerkenwell)	11.0
Building Act Sub-Committee	2.0
Public Control Committee	2.30
Parks, &c., Sub-Committee (Accounts)	2.30
Parks, &c, Committee	3.0
Local Government, &c., Committee (if necessary)	4.15
Public Health, &c., Sub-Committee (N.W.)	4.15
Parks, &c., Sub-Committee (Games)	5.30

FEBRUARY 20TH (SATURDAY).

Can the Reactionists point to any duty, any class of work, any subject of administrative work which has not been embraced in the references to one or other of these Committees, most of which were entirely new

organisations and unknown even during the existence of the enlarged Commission of Sewers represented by the late Board of Works?

Week by week each Committee reports. Every subject matter is dealt with together with formulated recommendations for the Council in general meeting on Tuesdays to consider, adopt, reject, or refer back. There have never been any remanets of the matters referred to in any of the Committees' reports. Nor are there any matters awaiting decisions of the Committees. I would ask if any single subject within the scope of the reference of any one of these Committees is or has been in arrear, or now wants attention, and has not received consideration at the hands of one or other of the Committees and of the Council. Not only is the administrative current business kept down, but there is not one word to be said against the manner in which this administration has been conducted by the Council and by the Progressive Party.

Has not the Asylums Committee taken steps to make the charge for the 3,000 lunatics who are in different outlying county asylums, placed at one reduced and uniform rate at all asylums? Has not the Committee established a central office where all county lunatic official business is concentrated, which has proved to be a distinct success? Has it not effected a large economy in the allotment of beds, regulated the provision of stores on uniform terms, and succeeded in establishing a large yearly saving in the cost of maintenance? Are they not engaged in revising and making general rules for the government of all asylums? Have not the members visited the asylums in the country, and one member even visited those in America and Canada, and supplied the Committee with a careful report of his visit?

Has not the Parks and Open Spaces Committee improved the health and increased the happiness of Londoners? Has it not met 200 times in the year as against the 23 times which the Metropolitan Board met? Has it not increased its acreage from 1,500 acres, including gifts of munificent donors, to 3,000 acres? Has it not increased in its parks and open spaces areas for football, cricket, and people's gymnasiums?

The charge of the 13 Committees being too large, and leading to members absenting themselves, amounts only to saying that some members have had to undertake more than their fair share of the work. The Committees, whether they have been too large or too small, have in fact performed their work. Let the Reactionists point to any work which the staff of the Council has brought before a Committee, on any subject or matter within the scope of its reference, which has not been dealt with

without delay, and been reported upon to the Council for adjudication and settlement week by week.

These 13 Committees have effected numberless economies, systematised clerical and other machinery, and got rid of waste and jobbery.

Their reports have occupied the Council meetings the whole time from three till seven on Tuesdays. Occasionally they have been disposed of before seven o'clock. This has allowed the Council to proceed with and discuss and settle other business motions, but it has been only occasionally (not once a month) that opposed motions, apart from those arising on the business of the reports, have been discussed or entered upon.

The Committees having done their work, has the Council failed or neglected to deal with the Committees' reports? Has it failed in any case to carry out any statutory or other powers vested in it by any Act of Parliament? Has it refused to proceed with the execution of the Blackwall Tunnel? Did not the Council on its assembling find itself with the land for the approaches to that tunnel under Parliamentary notices to treat from the Board of Works? Did it neglect to proceed with the purchase of the approaches? Did it not refuse, after a report framed by me, to stay its hands, notwithstanding betterment was not applied? Did not its Special Committee report that having regard to the stage which that work had reached under Acts existing at the time of the creation of the Council, it was the duty of the Council to proceed with the execution of the scheme? The slight delay that took place with regard to making the formal contract for the construction of the tunnel was solely due to engineering investigations as to the best form of tunnel to construct, having regard to works then being carried out in America. But so soon as the engineering problem was settled was not the contract for the tunnel, at a cost of £871,000, entered into, and is not the work being pressed forward?

There is not a single street improvement under any existing Act of Parliament which the Council has declined to carry out. Has it not completed Rosebery Avenue and other street improvements?

Has not the Council supported proposals for capital expenditure for its 1,500 additional acres of parks and open spaces; for improved dwelling-houses and for municipal lodging-houses; in its outlay of £350,000 for the Bethnal Green housing and all public health purposes; in its outlay for completing the precipitation system for drainage, and for Fire Brigade purposes; in its capital outlay of £337,945 for an additional asylum

at Claybury; and its other capital outlay for our pauper lunatics; in short, for all purposes which do not confer special and exceptional benefits on one particular class of property?

Has the Progressive Party acted like the Reactionists in refusing to exercise the statutable rights conferred upon it by the successive Tramway Acts passed during the last twenty years for the purchase of each portion of tramways, as each section's term of twenty-one years from the date of construction comes round?

Can an instance be mentioned of the Progressive Party refusing to exercise the administrative powers cast upon it by past Acts? Have they ever acted like the Reactionists who, under the guidance of leading Councillors, such as Mr. Fardell, Mr. Corbett (the whip of the Reactionists), Colonel Rotton, and Colonel Howard Vincent, retired from the Council Chamber to the gallery to look down upon the Council in the hall reduced, and paralysed by their absence, below the statutory quorum of 92 required to be present and voting, in order that the existing statutory powers of purchase of a section of a tramway might not be exercised by the Council?

The course of members of the House absenting themselves has no analogy, and affords no justification for the Reactionists retiring from the Council Hall.

The House of Commons has no irrevocable statute that it cannot carry on its business unless with a given number of members present. In a House of 70 a majority of 10 can fix upon the Metropolis an alteration in the water rate and place them upon a percentage of rateable value irrespective of the quantity of water consumed.

There is no statutable duty on the Council to apply for new Acts of Parliament for new street improvements or to make outlay thereon in priority to other improvements. Street improvements can only be effected under new powers to be applied for and conferred by Parliament. And the opposition of the Progressive Party to petition Parliament to pass Acts to allow the Council to spend, each year, at the unlucky occupiers' cost, £900,000 of borrowed capital, involving a permanent annual charge of some £42,000, in improving landlords' properties by opening up new streets not proved to be necessary to health, and not of urgent public priority over other health improvements, bears no analogy to the Reactionists' refusal to carry out and execute powers and duties conferred upon the Council by existing Acts. The late Board spent annually £900,000 under this head. But the Progressives urge that street improve-

ments may wait, and the selfishness of the landowners must be checked until that interest, in common with all other interests, contributes equally to the burden. Throughout the parishes of London street improvements were formerly carried out under local Acts, and by those local Acts, of which that of a street improvement in Wapping in 1782 may be taken to be typical, the charges for making the new communication were to be charged as to one-third upon the landlord and two-thirds upon the occupier, and the money was to be raised by mortgage annuities charged upon the rates.

This is no place to discuss the question of betterment. It is a doctrine universally in force under the older local Acts in London. It was recognised throughout in all improvements relating to sewers. It is in force at the present moment in reference to local sewers. By express enactments benefits and taxation should go together. It is a doctrine not answered by any appeal to so-called sanctity of tax contracts, because those contracts which were made prior to 1855 relating to more than seven-eighths of the present houses, were entered into on the faith of then existing Acts of Parliament relating to each particular parish, limiting the amount of rate to be imposed, and to which limited amount of rate, in fact, the tax contracts alone related.

Throughout there has been the strictest economy in administration, coupled with an all-round efficiency. It is an ill-founded sneer which even the Reactionists have given up, that the County Council Rate has increased during the last three years. Rates in the parish of Chelsea on a £350 house have been respectively £93, £90, and £89. In Bethnal Green, an East End parish, on the same rating they have been £116, £102, and £105, showing that the total rating has decreased, whilst the elements composing the total rating have risen, namely, in Chelsea: the School Board from £23,000 to £29,000; the Police Rate from £13,000 to £14,000, and the Asylums Rate from £6,700 to £7,700, showing that the economy is due to the County Council Rate, which has decreased, and to the policy of the Progressive Party.

What has been the policy of the Council towards labour, and what has it done for the workers' interests?

The protective insertion in its contracts of provision that the party tendering shall observe the hours and pay the rate of wage accepted as fair in their trade, a clause now copied into Government contracts though not practised by Government; that contracts shall not be sublet; that labour shall have (as has been granted to the 2,300 men in the Council's

service) a sufficient holiday in the year; and (as has been done by the Council) have their hours of work reduced from 54 to 48 hours per week, and that they shall have a fair rate of wage paid and increased from 5½d. to 7d. per hour, with an extra ½d. for special service:—these are but some of the principal results granted by the Council to labour.

The Council has become a municipal employer of labour direct and without middlemen, as has been done in the painting, clothing, and other work, and in the management of dietary and necessaries for the 11,000 pauper lunatics in our five asylums, and in other branches of work required by the Council.

What, again, has been its policy as regards Temperance? It has dropped licences as regards its surplus property. It has prohibited drinking in the auditoriums of music-halls. It has stopped the sale of intoxicating liquors in the public parks. It has enforced a new Temperance *régime* in its lunatic asylums.

It has fought for the acquisition and municipalisation of the water supply. In doing so it has taught no Socialistic doctrines of dishonesty It has endeavoured to create that which every other large municipality has created or acquired—viz., the remunerative employment of municipal capital in water undertakings. It has endeavoured to acquire, as against its debt per head, some amount of corresponding assets. It is easy to quote figures to show that the annual expenditure per head of population in London compares favourably with that of the other large towns, and that the amount of debt of unremunerative capital alone is now less per head in London than in Birmingham; but where are its assets? The accompanying table, taken from Burdett's *Official Intelligence*, 1891, shows the amount of assets per head in eight of the large towns of England, as compared with the debt per head owing to those towns making remunerative outlay in water, markets, gas, tramways, and cemeteries.

Liverpool's debt of £126 4s. against £26 5s. 2d. of assets per head, and Bradford's £18 17s. 5d. debt against £24 15s. 1d. of assets per head, contrasts strongly with London's debt of £9 3s. 8d. with no assets per head.

The municipalisation or outlay of London ratepayers in remunerative capital purposes will not be making London into a gigantic London Company, Limited, with the ratepayers as shareholders, but will be following a policy pursued outside London in which we find nearly £53,000,000 laid out by municipalities in remunerative undertakings, as against

£41,000,000 of unremunerative outlay in the same towns, and as against London outlay of £400,000 solely in unremunerative undertakings of its embankments, main sewers, bridge tolls, and streets.

Town.	Population, 1891.	Debt per Head.			Assets per Head.			Remunerative Capital, outlaid in Water, Markets, Gas, Cemeteries.	Unremunerative Capital.
		£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	£
Liverpool	517,951	12	6	4	26	5	2	4,903,918	4,947,905
Manchester	505,343	15	2	0	20	6	9	7,005,010	3,306,408
Birmingham	429,171	16	7	4	19	6	6	4,889,470	3,900,971
Glasgow	*567,656	9	9	8½	13	9	8	3,806,815	3,603,280
Halifax	82,864	16	19	1	20	16	7	1,064,829	545,688
Sheffield	324,243	8	17	7	10	4	8	2,205,191	1,137,536
Bradford	216,361	18	17	5	24	15	1	3,228,982	2,196,877
Bolton	115,002	18	3	2	20	0	9	1,610,070	855,783

*Estimated.

The Council in its administration has not been, and will not prove, corrupt nor incompetent, but if its past policy be not pursued it will sink back again to vestrydom, and the beneficent work of London's first Council will be destroyed.

CHARLES HARRISON.

LETTERS OF JOHN RUSKIN TO HIS SECRETARY.

THE following selection of letters was addressed by Mr. Ruskin to Mr. Charles Augustus Howell, who, towards the end of 1865, became Mr. Ruskin's working secretary—not, that is to say, his "private secretary" in the ordinary acceptation of the term, for it has ever been Mr. Ruskin's habit to conduct his profuse correspondence with his own hand; but his assistant in literary work, his *factotum*, and the instrument of his charity. That Mr. Howell, by his talents and assiduity, became, for a period, much more than the mere henchman or agent of Mr. Ruskin—indeed, his trusted friend and *protégé*—is well known.

The lover of Ruskinian philosophy or Ruskinian polemics will search in vain in these letters for startling disputation, original assertion, vigorous denunciation, or quaint confession, such as may be looked for, and seldom with disappointment, in Mr. Ruskin's public utterances. But what he will find is of a different order—and therein lie the charm and originality of the series. He will see Ruskin the worker, as he acts away from the eyes of the world; Ruskin the epistolographer, when the eventuality of the printing-press is not for the moment before him; Ruskin the Good Samaritan, ever gentle and open-handed when true need and a good cause make appeal to his tender heart; Ruskin the employer, considerate, generous—an ideal master. He will also find something of Ruskin the valetudinarian, and Ruskin the humorist. In short, he will find the Sage of Coniston as he was behind the scenes without the eye of the world upon him, and as the conditions of his work and method of life disclosed him to his intimates. With these few words of introduction we proceed with the selection of the letters, though indeed —as with Madame de Sévigné's pottle of strawberries—it has been a difficult task to choose.

Denmark Hill. S.

Dear Howell.

I want you to come and dine with me on my birthday, please – if you can – the Richmonds will be with me I hope & it will be nice – all but the horrid occasion

Ever affectionately Yours
J Ruskin

Thanks so much for Dobson
I am afraid the enclosed gentleman drinks – Would you kindly call and look at him any day saying I asked you to see just what his pointers want..
and I know him to have very little brains when he's sober

[17th May, 1865.]

My dear Howell,—It is a great pleasure to me to be able to assist you a little; and a greater to hear that your cousin is likely to be benefited by any effort you can make for her. I could not even read your letter last night. I was at dinner and I never answer or read letters after "business hours"—I never see anybody, my best friends, but by pre-engagement. Ask the Rossetti's, or anyone else who knows me. I can't do it—having my poor little weak head and body divided enough by my day's work. But do not less think me ever faithfully yours,

J. Ruskin.

I enclose cheque.

[Here read letter on preceding page.]

Denmark Hill, S.,
Wednesday [22nd February, 1866].

My dear Howell,—I really was very sorry for you, because you *thought* you had missed so much. I can't be sorry for you any other-how. My dear boy—is life so jolly a thing that you should find trouble in missing our home talk? But it *was* provoking.

Here's something please I want done very much. Will you please go to the Crystal Palace to-morrow or the day after, which is the last day, but to-morrow better, and, if it is not sold, buy the lizard canary (£1) No. 282, page 17 of Catalogue, in any name you like *not* mine, nor yours, and give the bird to anybody who you think will take care of it, and I'll give you the price when I see you—which must be soon, and I'm ever affectionately yours,

J. Ruskin.

Evidently a tale hung by this canary, for it forms the subject of many communications. Two days later he writes:—

I am heartily obliged to you for managing this little business of the bird so nicely, and for the promise that your cousin will take care of it. If she gets fond of it, she need not fear my claiming it; but I am glad it will be safe.

I am sorry to have to ask you again on Sunday, but if you *could* come over at ½-past 4 to-morrow and tell me about Cruikshank, &c., I should be very glad.

Say nothing about the bird.—Ever affectionately yours,

J. Ruskin.

At this time George Cruikshank was in severe straits, and his friends, not for the only time in his life, were bethinking themselves how they might aid him. Ruskin, at this time, too, was considering how he might gild his charity in a commission involving the issue of a fairy-book for children with the great etcher's illustrations; but meantime other kindnesses engaged his attention.

A fortnight later he writes :—

My dear Howell,—Here are £20 : please take the bird sovereign out of it, (Does he sing at all ?) and don't let me keep anything of your fifty unless you can spare it. Thanks for your note about the boy and infinite thanks for kindest offer. But I've no notion of doing so much as this for him. All I want is a decent lodging—he is now a shopboy—I only want a bit of a garret in a decent house, and means of getting him into some school of art. I fancy Kensington best—and you should look after him morally and I æsthetically.—Ever yours affectionately,

J. R.

Denmark Hill, S.
[27th March, 1866.]

My dear Howell,—Please tell me about your illness. I am curious. How curious all that is about the Grimm plates. I wish you would ask Cruikshank whether he thinks he could execute some designs from fairy tales—of my choosing, of the same size, about, as these vignettes and with a given thickness of etching line ; using *no* fine lines anywhere ?

Thanks about the boy, and please let me know the particulars of the address. —Ever affectionately yours,

J. R.

The reader should here be reminded that for Cruikshank's plates to Grimm's Fairy Tales Ruskin has ever expressed the most unbounded admiration. "If ever," he wrote, "you happen to meet with two volumes of Grimm's 'German Stories,' which were illustrated by George Cruikshank long ago, pounce upon them instantly ; the etchings in them are the finest things, next to Rembrandt's, that, as far as I know, have been done since etching was invented." It was not only the simplicity and directness of them that extorted Ruskin's praise, but particularly the high merit of his etched line. In the following letter he enlarges considerably upon his idea with characteristic grace and delicacy.

Denmark Hill, S.
2nd April [1866].

My dear Howell,—I have sent the Felise to Moxon all right. I don't want to lose an hour in availing myself of Mr. Cruikshank's kindness, but am puzzled, as I look at the fairy tales I have within my reach, at their extreme badness : the thing I shall attempt will be a small collection of the best and simplest I can find, retouched a little, with Edward's help, and with as many vignettes as Mr. Cruikshank will do for me. One of the stories will certainly be the Pied Piper of Hamelin—but I believe in prose. I can only lay hand just now on Browning's rhymed rendering of it, but that will do for the subject. I want the piper taking the children to Koppelberg hill—a nice little rout of funny little German children—not too many for clearness of figure—and a bit of landscape with the ravine opening in the hillside—but all simple and bright and clear, with

broad lines: the landscape in Curdken running after his hat, for instance, or the superb bit with the cottage in Thumbling picked up by the Giant, are done with the kind of line I want, and I should like the vignette as small as possible—full of design and meat—not of labour and light and shade.

I would always rather have two small vignettes than one large one. And I will give *any* price that Mr. Cruikshank would like, but he must forgive me for taking so much upon me as to make the thick fine line a *condition*, for I cannot bear to see his fine hand waste itself in scratching middle tints and covering mere spaces, as in the Cinderella and ther later works. The Peewit vignette, with the people jumping into the lake, I have always thought one of the very finest things ever done in pure line. It is so bold—so luminous; so intensely real, so full of humour, and expression, and character, to the last dot.

I send you my Browning marked with the subject at page 315, combining 1 and 2, and perhaps in the distance might be the merest suggestion of a Town Council, 3—but I leave this wholly to Mr. Cruikshank's feeling.

Please explain all this to him, for I dare not write to him these impertinences without more really heartfelt apology than I have time, or words, to-day to express.—Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

A few days later (April 7th) he says:—

That is capital and very funny about the pied piper. Your subjects are all good as good can be, but final one is here the best. Please tell me of any other stories and subjects that chance to you.

It will be remembered how, in 1869, Mr. Ruskin so gracefully assisted Rossetti in the printing of his *Early Italian Poets*. It is doubtless the same sort of generosity that just three years before prompted the next letter (April 9th, 1866).

Denmark Hill, S.

DEAR HOWELL,—I do not know anything that has given me so much pleasure for a long time as the thought of the feeling with which Cruikshank will read this list of his Committee. You're a jolly fellow—you are, and I'm very grateful to you, and ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

I enclose Ckk.'s letter, which is very beautiful. I think you must say £100 (a hundred) for me.

Letter just received—so many thanks. It's delightful about Cruikshank.

Denmark Hill, S.,
16th April, 1866.

DEAR HOWELL,—I'm leaving town next week—for six weeks or two months, and shall have to leave much to your kind management. For one thing I want to know exactly how I stand at Marlborough College, and I have just got an

application for a presentation to it, from Archdeacon Allen, and I think I ought to have one, if not two, some day soon. Will you find out whom one should write to, and enclose this note and ask for full details?—Ever faithfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

Paris, 27th April, 1866.

DEAR HOWELL,—We are getting on nicely. My address will be Poste Restante, Vevay, Canton Vaud, Suisse. Send me as little as you possibly can. Tie up the knocker—say I am sick—I'm dead. (Flattering, and love letters, please—in any attainable quantity. Nothing else.) Necessary business, in your own words, if possible, shortly, as you would if I was really paralytic or broken-ribbed, or anything else dreadful; and after all explanation and abbreviations don't expect any answer—till I come back! But, in fact, I've a fair appetite for *one* dinner a day. My cousin likes two, but I only carve at one of them. Tell Ned this. The Continent is quite ghastly in unspeakable degradations and ill-omenedness of ignoble vice, everywhere.—Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

The next two letters which follow refer to the illness of a "friend" in his party. To the facts full reference is made in *Præterita*. As no concealment is made in that publication as to his companions, their identity is not suppressed here, as—referring to private ladies—it would otherwise be. In the next he continues:—

Neuchatel, 13th May.

MY DEAR HOWELL,—I am entirely occupied to-day by the—too probably mortal—illness of one of the friends I am travelling with, but I may be more so to-morrow; so I write you just this line to ask you to answer just as you have done any letters now coming to you. I'll write to poor Mr. J. myself. Please post enclosed, and say to everybody whom it may concern that that portrait of Mr. Mawkes's is unquestionably Turner by himself: and on the whole the most interesting one I know. I gave Mr. Mawkes a letter to this effect, six months ago or more. Thanks for all letters to Vevay, &c., and business so nicely done. —Ever yours affectionately,

J. RUSKIN.

The friend died, and Mr. Ruskin's party proceeded to Thun, whence he writes in an unusually spirited strain:—

Thun,
21st May [1866].

MY DEAR HOWELL,—

Poste Restante,
Interlachen,
Suisse,

will find me, I hope for some days to come. I've had a rather bad time of it at Neuchatel; what with Death and the North Wind; both devil's inventions as far as I can make out. But things are looking a little better now, and I had a

lovely three hours' walk by the lake shore, in cloudless calm, from 5 to 8 this morning, under hawthorn and chestnut—here just in full blossom, and among other pleasantnesses—too good for mortals, as the North Wind, and the rest of it are too bad. We don't deserve either such blessing or cursing, it seems to poor moth me.—Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

After visits to Interlachen and Merringen another move was made to Lucerne, and the journey continued to Schaffhausen. From the former place Mr. Ruskin writes :—

Lucerne,
Friday, 22nd June [1866].

DEAR HOWELL,—The post's all wrong, but we're all right at last. I've got everything and that's all I can say to-day. Write "Poste Restante, Neuchatel, Suisse."

That "nice quiet Miss H." was dancing quadrilles with an imaginary partner—(a pine branch I had brought in to teach her botany with !)—all round the breakfast table so long yesterday morning that I couldn't get my letters written, and am all behind to-day in consequence.—Ever yours affectionately,

J. RUSKIN.

Dear love to Ned. I've got Georgie's letter. I'm too good for nothing to answer such divine things.

Geneva, 4th July [1866].

DEAR HOWELL,—All's right now. I have your packets and will send some talk to-morrow. I can only [say] to-day that I'm delighted about all these Cruikshank matters, and if the dear old man will do anything he likes more from the old Grimms it will be capital. Edward and Morris,* and you and I will choose the subjects together.

My little daisy, Miss H., is wild to-day about jewellers' shops, but not so wild as to have no love to send you. So here you have it, and some from the other one, too, though she's rather worse than the little one, because of a new bracelet. They've been behaving pretty well lately, and only broke a chair nearly in two this morning, running after each other.—Ever yours affectionately,

J. RUSKIN.

You did very nicely about Munro. I return the signed cheque. Please send it with my love, for I can't write to-day. *Is he better ?*

The party returned from their Swiss tour in the latter part of July their arrival being duly heralded, and followed, of course, by several calls upon the writer's charity.

* Mr. William Morris.

Denmark Hill,
22nd August [1866].

DEAR HOWELL,—The enclosed is from a funny, rather nice, half crazy old French lady—(guessing at her from her letters) and I have a curiosity to know what kind of a being it is. Would you kindly call on her and ask her for further information about the perdicament [*sic*] and, if you think it at all curable or transit-able, I'll advance her 20 pounds without interest. I've only told her you will call to "inquire into the circumstances of the case."—Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

Denmark Hill, S.,
2nd Sept., 1866.

DEAR HOWELL,—I am wholly obliged to you for these Cruikshanks. The Jack Shepherd [*sic*] one is quite awful, and a miracle of skill and command of means. The others are all splendid in their way—the morning one with the far-away street I like the best—the officials with the children are glorious too,—withering: if one understands it. But who does? or ever did? This sense of loss and vanity of all good acts—*until we are better people*—increases in us daily.

I can't understand the dear old lady's letters, nor see the main point—*i.e.*, if she has got the receipt from Maple. I sent them a cheque as soon as you had left. I suppose it is all right, but I return you the letters. Please look after her a little. I shouldn't mind placing the over-charge sum at her bankers besides.

Also look over the enclosed form from B——. I'm very sorry about this man—anything more wretched than the whole business can't be. He'll never paint!—and how to keep him from starvation and madness, I can't see. I can't keep every unhappy creature who mistakes his vocation. What can I do? I've rather a mind to send him this fifty pounds, which would be the simplest way to me of getting quit of him—but I can't get quit of the *thought* of him. Is his wife nice, do you know, or if you don't, would you kindly go and see? I've written to him to write to you, and to explain things to you, if you call. What a tidy nice way you have of doing things—the hymn to Proserpine looks like a set of pictures. What did you find among the [?] photos of Llewellyn Correspondence? The man wrote to me yesterday for a letter of Lord Derby's. I knew no more who he was than the Emperor of China.—Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

I———* wrote to me in a worry for money, the day before yesterday. I wrote I couldn't help him—all the earlier part of this week an old friend of my father's, a staff writer on the *Times*, was bothering and sending his wife out here in cabs in the rain, to lend him £800, on no security to speak of, and yesterday comes a letter from Edinburgh saying that my old friend Dr. John Brown is gone mad—owing to, among other matters, pecuniary affairs (after a whole life of goodness and usefulness).

At page 449 of the Venetian Documents is Paul Veronese's estimate of the Tintoret pictures of which you have two photos—at 50 ducats each—pretty well for those days?

* A very well-known painter of great merit, recently dead.

Denmark Hill, S.,
[5th Sept., 1866].

DEAR HOWELL,—Fearfully hurried this morning or I would have seen your cousin. I'm sorry she has had these troubles—but tell B—— it's absolutely of no use his trying to see me (I don't even see my best friends at present as you know), and nothing is of the least influence with *me* but plain facts plainly told and right conduct.—Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

How many impostors who may read this last letter will smile at the declaration which concludes it? For Mr. Ruskin's judgment has notoriously been victimised many a time and oft at the expense of his heart—and pocket. Mr. Ruskin now returns to the Cruikshank scheme.

Denmark Hill, S.,
[Sept., 1866].

DEAR HOWELL,—I send you the Rhine, with much love. I'm so glad you don't like those north stories. Wouldn't Cruikshank choose himself subjects out of Grimm? If not, to begin with, the old soldier who has lost his way in a wood comes to a cottage with a light in it shining through the trees. At its door is a witch spinning—of whom he asks lodging. She says "He must dig her garden, then."—Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

The suggestion was duly carried out by the aged artist—with what result a later letter will show.

Denmark Hill, S.,
[11th Sept., 1866].

MY DEAR HOWELL,—Thank you for all trouble and for the etchings, &c. I have been looking through at the fairy tales but don't like any. I think the best way would be to make that old Grimm a little richer,—there are plenty more subjects in it.

How horrid all that is—like a story in Dickens—about the old lady and the lawyers. Thank your cousin for all her niceness. Look here—without saying who it is for, or talking about it, whenever you come across *any pencil* drawings of Prout's, tell me of it. I'm glad I had that one for you for I think you must sometimes enjoy it a little. I've got plenty for *myself*, but I've a plan about them.—Ever affectionately yours,

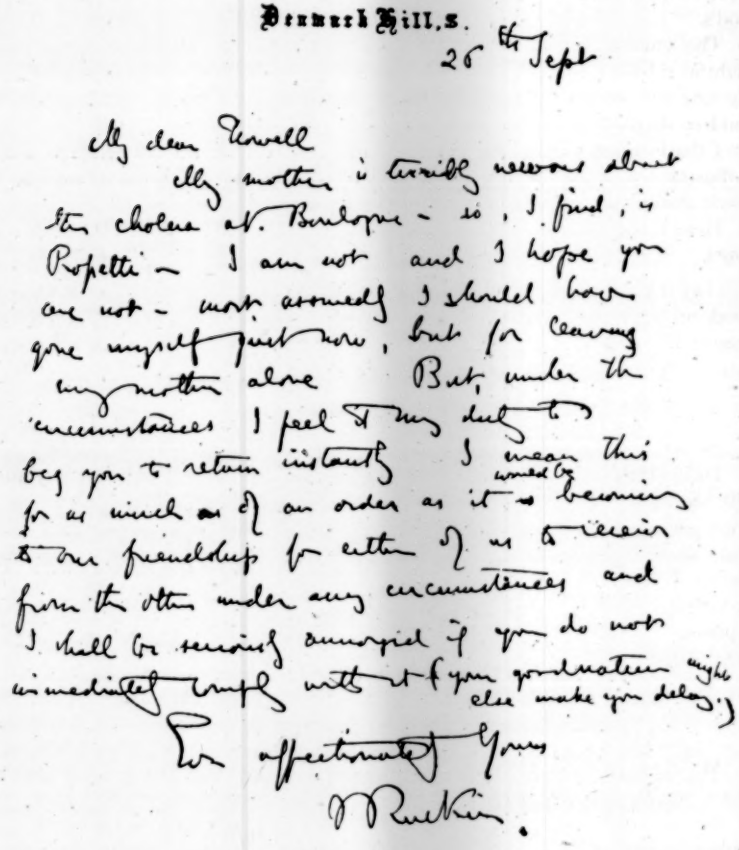
J. R.

Denmark Hill, S.,
[14th Sept., '66].

MY DEAR HOWELL,—I forgot to thank you for the Cruikshank plate of fairies. I lost it out of a book when I was a boy, and am most heartily glad to have it in again. The *facsimiles* are most interesting—as examples of the *im*-measurably little things on which life and death depend in work—a fatal truth, forced upon me too sharply, long ago, in my own endeavours to engrave Turner. That boy's sketches are marvellous. I should like to see him and be of any use I could to him.—Ever affectionately yours,

J. R.

Meanwhile Mr. Howell had been to Boulogne, but returned in accordance with the imperative instructions of Mr. Ruskin, in consequence of an outbreak of cholera.



Denmark Hill, S.
26th Sept

My dear Howell
My mother is terribly nervous about the cholera at Boulogne — so, I find, is Rossetti — I am not and I hope you are not — most assuredly I should have gone myself just now, but for leaving my mother alone. But, under the circumstances I feel it my duty to beg you to return instantly. I mean this for as much as of an order as it would be becoming to our friendship for either of us to receive from the other under any circumstances and I shall be seriously annoyed if you do not immediately comply with it (your good nature might else make you delay.)

Ever affectionately Yours
J Ruskin.

When in Boulogne Mr. Howell called upon a lady for whom he had received a letter of introduction. That letter is one of those omitted from this series; but this word of explanation is necessary in respect to the following epistle:—

Denmark Hill, S.

DEAR HOWELL,—This H—— business *is* serious. Write to Miss B—— that I do not choose at present to take any notice of it, else the creditor would

endeavour to implicate me in it at once, if there was the least appearance of my having been acquainted with the transaction—and I don't at all intend to lose money by force, whatever I may do for my poor friend when she is quit of lawyers. If people in this world would but teach a little less religion, and a little more common honesty it would be much more to everybody's purpose—and to God's.

The etching will not do. The dear old man has dwelt on serious and frightful subjects, and cultivated his conscientiousness till he has lost his humour. He may still do impressive and moral subjects, but I know by this group of children that he can do fairy tales no more.*

I think he might quite well do still what he would feel it more his duty to do —illustrations of the misery of the streets of London. He knows that, and I would gladly purchase the plates at the same price.

Here is the cheque for this, and Miss B——'s note.—Ever affectionately yours, J. RUSKIN.

Give my dear love to Mr. Cruikshank and say, if he had been less kind and good, his work now would have been fitter for wayward children—but that his lessons of deeply import will be incomparably more precious if he *cares* to do them. But he must not work while in the country.

Denmark Hill,
3rd November [1866].

DEAR HOWELL,—I enclose your cheque for the 8th. You are now quits with me and we come to our 50 at February, but let me know always fearlessly when you want any quicker help. You can't at all think what complicated and acute worry I've been living in the last two months. I'm getting a little less complex now, only steady headache instead of thorn fillet. I don't mean to be irreverent, but in a small way, in one's poor little wretched humanity, it but expresses the difference. That's why I couldn't think about Cruikshank or anything.—Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

Denmark Hill, S.,
9th November [1866].

MY DEAR HOWELL,—All that you have done is right and nice—but I am sorry to see you are yourself overworked also. I will take some measures to relieve you of this nuisance by writing a letter somewhere on modern destitution in the middle classes. I hope to be able to do this more effectively towards the beginning of the year, and to state that for the present I must retire from the position necessarily now occupied by a publicly recognised benevolent—or simple—person. In the meantime, whenever you don't think a letter deserves notice,

* Nearly twenty years later, Mr. Ruskin thus again referred to Cruikshank's lost power, as testified in these two plates of the "Pied Piper" and Grimm's "Story of the Blue Light": "It was precisely because Mr. Cruikshank *could not* return to the manner of the Grimm plates" (published in 1822) "but etched too finely and shaded too much, that our project came to an end."

merely say you "have forwarded it to me." Forward them to me in packets, merely putting a cross on the back of any you wish me to read. I may—or may not—but I will take the onus of throwing the rest into the fire.

I simply have at present no more money—and therefore am unable to help—in fact I am a long way within of my proper banker's balance, and I don't choose at present to sell out stock and diminish my future power of usefulness.

I think I shall do most ultimate good by distinctly serviceable appropriation of funds, not by saving here and there an unhappy soul—I wish I could—when I hear of them, as you well know I am at the end of my means just now, and that's all about it.

I am going to write to Rutter* to release Cruikshank from the payment of that hundred.† He gave me some bonds which may be useful to him, and I shall put the 100 down—as I said I should—to the testimonial.

Take care of yourself. Don't answer letters at all—when you're tired. Suppose you are me, yourself—of course I can't answer them.—Ever, with love to your cousin, your affectionate,

J. RUSKIN.

Such are some of Mr. Ruskin's letters to his secretary, extending practically over thirteen months' time. There is nothing sensational in them, nothing startling. But they show the man working away from the eye of the world, and presenting, as they do, a picture of him on his tender way through life, kindly, appreciative, enthusiastic, and as full of fun as of pain, they set forth a truer picture of him and his character—and that painted by his own unconscious hand—than can well be found elsewhere.

* Mr. Henry Rutter, of 2, Aldermanbury, E.C., who appears to have acted as Mr. Ruskin's agent in money matters.

† See letter of the 9th of April, 1866.

WOTTON REINFRED.

By THOMAS CARLYLE.

Chapter V. *(continued).*

"I HAVE heard the poet's spirit likened to an Eolian harp," said Dorothy, "over which the common winds of this world cannot pass but they are modulated into music, and even their anger and their moaning become kindly and melodious."

"Yes," cried Dalbrook, "there dwells in him a divine harmony, which needs but to be struck that it be awakened. His spirit is a spirit of goodness and brotherhood; anger, hatred, malignity may not abide with him, will not consort with his purer nature. Wherefore should he envy; where shall he find one richer than he? While the vulgar soul, isolated in self, stinted and ignoble alike in its joy and woe, must build its narrow home on the sand of accident, and taste no good but what the winds and waves of accident may bring it, the poet's home is on the everlasting rock of necessity, the law which was before the universe, and will endure after the universe has passed away; and his eye and his mind range free and fearless through the world as through his own possession, his own fruitful field; for he is reconciled with destiny, and in his benignant fellow-feeling all men are his brethren. Nay, are not time and space his heritage, and the beauty that is in them do they not disclose it to him and pay it as their tribute? What do I say? The beauty that is in them! The beauty that shines through them! For time and space are modes, not things; forms of our mind, not existences without us; the shapes in which the unseen bodies itself forth to our mortal sense; if we were not, they also would cease to be."

"God help us! whither are we going now?" cried Burridge.

"It is in this unseen," hastily continued Dalbrook, "that the poet lives and has his being. Yes, he is a seer, for to him the invisible glory has been revealed. Life with its prizes and its failures, its tumult and

its jarring din, were a poor matter in itself; to him it is baseless, transient and hollow, an infant's dream; but beautiful also, and solemn and of mysterious significance. Why should he not love it and reverence it? Is not all visible nature, all sensible existence the symbol and vesture of the Invisible and Infinite? Is it not in these material shows of things that God, virtue, immortality are shadowed forth and made manifest to man? Material nature is as a *fata-morgana*, hanging in the air; a cloud-picture, but painted by the heavenly light; in itself it is air and nothingness, but behind it is the glory of the sun. Blind men! they think the cloud-city a continuing habitation, and the sun but a picture because their eyes do not behold him. It is only the invisible that really *is*, but only the gifted sense that can of itself discern this reality!"

"Now, in Heaven's name," cried Burridge, "what is all this? Must a poet become a mystic, and study Kant before he can write verses? I declare, philosopher, you are like to turn one's brain."

Dalbrook only smiled and shook his head, but Maurice answered: "Nay, cousin, let us abide by things, and beware of names, above all of nicknames, which are mint-stamps not metal, and should make brass and pewter pass for gold and silver not among the wise few but among the simple many. Much of this which you call Kantism seems but the more scientific expression of what all true poets and thinkers, nay, all good men, have felt more or less distinctly, and acted on the faith of, in all ages. Depend on it, there are many things in heaven and earth which you believe in, though you can neither see them, nor make a picture of them in your head. What is all religion but a worship of the Unseen, nay, the Invisible? Superstition gives its God a shape, sometimes in marble or on canvas, oftener in the imagination; but religion tells us that with Him, form and duration are not; for He is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. Time is an eternal now, and no eye hath seen Him nor can see."

Burridge shook his head. "Ah, Frank, you are a heretic in understanding, and if your heart did not know better, I really think we should have you burnt by the first *auto-da fé*. But tell me, why do you fight duels? No, it is not out of disgrace or fear, for you would let yourself be shot equally in the island of Juan Fernandez, nay, in another planet, if need were, and though you were never more to see a human face; but it is because you also worship the spirit of honour, which is your invisible deity, before which all other feelings, all earthly joy and pain, fly away

like light dust before the whirlwind. Thus you too believe in the reality of the invisible, nay, in its chief or sole reality; yes, you and all of us, else were we machines not men; more cunningly devised steam-engines, to manufacture and to be impelled; not reasonable souls, to make and to will."

"But what has this to do with poetry?" said Williams.

"In our view it has much to do with moral goodness," answered Maurice, "and therefore with the poet who is the interpreter and shadower forth of goodness. Except on some such principle, consciously or, it may be, unconsciously adopted, I see not how he is to find firm footing; for it is only by a sense of the invisible that we can clearly understand the visible, that we learn to tolerate it, nay, to love it and see its worth amid its worthlessness."

"These are hard sayings," rejoined the other, archly: "Who can understand them? I question but that blackbird that sits on the hawthorn-tree, singing its carol in the red sunlight, is a better poet in its way than any of us."

"The perfection of poets," answered Maurice, "would be a man as harmonious and complete in his reasonable being as that bird in its instinctive being."

"The blackbird, at least, *is born not made*," said Williams; "is it not so also of the poet?"

"Born *and* made were perhaps truer of the poet," answered Maurice. "Nature in her bounty gives him much, but her most precious gift is the wish and aptitude to cultivate himself to become what he was capable of being."

"Are not all men, while under strong excitement, poets?" said the Oxonian.

"Scarcely," answered Burridge; "the hen does but cackle when you excite her, she will not sing."

"A false simile!" cried the other. "The hen's cackling may be musical to hens; for it is the law of nature that all living beings sympathise with beings organised like themselves. Human passion is poetical to men, and makes men poets. The rude Indian defies his fellow savage in gorgeous tropes; the peasant is a poet when he first sees the wonders of the city, a poet when he trembles at the moonshiny churchyard, a poet when he goes to church in sunlight with his wedding company and his bride."

"Umph!" inarticulated Dalbrook.

"Now the poet is simply always what these are only now and then," continued the other, "and his fine frenzy, when he utters it, is poetry."

"Yet this frenzy, you observe, must be fine," said Wotton, "and therein lies the puzzle of the problem. The poet is an artist and does not sing from any Delphic tripod; he has need of forethought as well as fury, and many times, I doubt, finds it no such smooth matter."

"True, he is an artist," said the other; "his mind is stored with imagery and beautiful remembrances; these he unites, omitting what was trivial or repulsive in them, and thus is formed by degrees an ideal whole in his mind. When the painter would create his Venus, does he not borrow the eyes from this fair woman, the nose from that, the lips from another; and uniting so many separate beauties, form them into one beauty, which is indeed all taken from nature, yet to which nature has and can have no parallel?"

"When the mantua-maker would create a kettlequilt," cried Williams gaily, "does she not borrow the patch of taffeta from this bright remnant, the lustring from that, the sarcenet from another, and so produce a kettle-quilt, which is indeed all taken from Spitalfields, yet to which all Spitalfields can show no parallel? I declare to you, my friend, I could never for an hour believe in this theory, though Akenside himself took it under his wing, nay, for aught I know, first hatched it."

"Why do we not in good earnest set up Gulliver's poetical turning-loom," said Wotton, "and produce our poetry in Birmingham by steam?"

"It is surely a false theory," said Dalbrook, "but of a piece with our other false mechanical philosophy. All things must be rendered visible or they are not conceivable: poetry is an internal joiner-work, but what of that? Virtue itself is an association or perhaps a fluid in the nerves; thought is some vibration, or at best some camera-obscura picturing in the brain; volition is the mounting of a scale or the pressing of a spring; and the mind is some balance, or engine, motionless of itself, till it be swayed this way and that by external things. Good Heavens! Surely if we have any soul there must be a kind of *life* in it? Surely it does not hang passive and inert within us, but acts and works; and if so acts and works like an immaterial spirit on spiritual things, not like an artisan on matter. Surely it were good, then, even in our loosest contemplations, to admit some little mystery in the operating of a power by its nature so inscrutable. With our similitudes, we make the mind a

passive engine, set in motion by the senses ; as it were a sort of thought-mill to grind sensations into ideas, by which figures also we conceive this grinding process to be very prettily explained. Nay, it is the same in our material physiology as in our mental ; animal life, like spiritual, you find is tacitly regarded as a quality, a susceptibility, the relation and result of other powers, not itself the origin and fountain-head of all other powers ; but its force comes from without by palpable transmission, does not dwell mysteriously within, and emanate mysteriously in wonder-working influences from within ; and man himself is but a more cunning chemico-mechanical combination, such as in the progress of discovery we may hope to see manufactured at Soho. Nay, smile not incredulously, John Williams ! It is even as I say ; and thus runs the high road to Atheism in religion, materialism in philosophy, utility in morals, and flaring, effect-seeking mannerism in Art. Art do I call it? Let me not profane the name ! Poetry is a making, a creation," added he, "and the first rising up of a poem in the head of the poet is as inexplicable, by material formulas, as the first rising up of nature out of chaos."

"I have often recollected the story of Phidias," said Wotton, "when in his exile he had retired to Elis, and, to punish his countrymen, had resolved to make a Jupiter still grander than their Minerva. The thought he meant to express was present to him, all the strength and the repose, the kingly omnipotence of the Olympian ; but no visible form would it assume, no feature to body itself forth ; and the statuary wandered for days and weeks in the pain of an inward idea which would cast itself out in no external symbol. Once he was loitering at sunset among the groves, his heart sick in its baffled vehemence ; his head full, yet dark and formless ; when, at the opening of some avenue, a procession of maidens, returning from the fountain with their pitchers on their heads, suddenly uplifted the evening hymn to Jove ; and, in a moment, the artist's head was overflowed with light, and the figure of his Jupiter started forth in all its lineaments before his mind, and stood there visible and admirable to himself, as afterwards, transferred to marble, it was for many ages to the world."

"Yes," said Dalbrook, "a strange wind will sometimes rend asunder the cloud-curtains from the soul, and the fair creation, perfected in secret, lies unexpectedly before us, like the gift of some higher genius."

"Some such process," said Maurice, "some such influence as this of

Phidias's, in one manner or another, most poets seem to have felt. What else is it that they call their inspiration?"

"Well!" cried Elizabeth, "the sun is going down here also; our groves on such a night are little worse than those of Elis. If I should sing you some song to my harp, we might have the scene of this same Phidias moderately realised; and then," added she archly, "if any of you geniuses had a heart, who knows but you might *make* somewhat yourselves by winds of inspiration?"

"Do let us try, Elizabeth!" cried several voices.

Elizabeth, complying, sang handsomely enough, with sweet accompanying harp-tones, a not ungraceful song to evening; but none of our friends, as would appear, played Phidias to it, but retired to the house, and by degrees to their rooms, without creation of any sort; nay, rather, with destruction, for certain of them consumed some supper.

Chapter VI.

The inmates of the House in the Wold were a fluctuating brotherhood; now coming, now departing; so that week after week, often day after day, a new assortment of characters appeared upon the scene. Bernard had not yet returned; and Wotton was spending the morning in a richly-furnished picture-gallery, under the conduct of his fair hostess, who had herself proposed this indoors occupation, less with the view of instructing her new friend in pictorial art, for which, however, she was well qualified, than of gradually dispelling his reserve, and winning her way into more free communication with him. For such an object, which besides she carefully kept out of sight, this place was not ill chosen. Wotton knew little of art, but his susceptibility for it was deep and keen; these noble pictures could not but pleasantly engage him; and while under the clear and graceful commentary of one speaking from the heart and to the heart, many a figure rose with fresh loveliness before his eyes, and revealed to him in glimpses the secret of its beauty, he felt as if acquiring some new sense, and distant anticipations of unknown glories finally predisposed him for giving and receiving, at intervals, some friendlier expression of personal feeling, with which the pictorial lesson might be intermingled. He began to be at home with his fair critic, and had the satisfaction to perceive that

here and there an observation which he hazarded was partially approved of, and given back to him by new examples, and in new elucidation and expansion. The thought of being interrupted could not have been welcome to either, when the rolling of a carriage rapidly approached the house, and terminated in as loud an explosion of sound as the gravel would admit of before the main door.

"It is Isabella and her nephew," said the lady. "We shall by and by resume our lecture. Meanwhile let us go and meet them."

The gallery extended from the drawing-room, which they had reached by a side entrance, when the door flew open, and a servant ushered in the new guests. The airy lady and her gay voluble compliments, as she floated in with her silken travelling attire, obtained little notice from Wotton, for his whole being was fascinated in strange pain, at another name and aspect. Figure his mood, when he found himself introduced in form to Captain—— Edmund Walter! For one suffocating moment no force of ceremonial principle could hide the fierce alarm which pealed through his soul; but he stood motionless, and the wild dilated eye, the quiverings or quick stormful flushes of the face must have betokened mystery to the least heedful witness. Over Walter's darker countenance there also passed, but with inconceivable rapidity, a twinge of sternest recognition; but it vanished as it rose; and with courteous composure he approached his new acquaintance, affably expressing his happiness in meeting with a countryman of whom he had often heard; and subjoined this and that complimentary remark, passing by easy transition to more general topics, and this with a frankness, nay, a kindness, which irresistibly rolled back the tempest into Wotton's heart, and with gentle influence smoothed him into calmness. Thus was serenity restored almost before it had been missed; the company were at their ease, and Wotton wondered to find himself socially exchanging indifferent thoughts with this man, both hearts meanwhile, it is like, shut up in enmity; as soldiers from two hostile camps may for a time mingle in some common market, and traffic peaceably, though their artillery is not destroyed, but only slumbering within the trenches, and to-morrow they must join in battle.

Some such thought was lurking in the background of Wotton's mind; but Walter's thoughts seemed not of war, for nothing could be friendlier and gayer than the temper he showed. Dorothy alone glanced at him now and then, as if she had observed the effect of his entrance, and not forgotten it; as if she suspected somewhat. To Wotton, again, deeply as

he reckoned himself entitled to detest and dread this Walter, there was a singular dominion in his presence; a power which, whether it were benignant or the contrary, you could not but in part respect. He seemed a man of thirty, military in his air rather than his dress; his compact, sinewy frame impressed you in its soldier-like repose with an idea of strength beyond his stature, which, however, was tall and portly; while the thick black locks clustering in careless profusion round that face, so still and massive, burnt by many suns; the broad brow; the calm, quick eyes, fearless, not defiant; the lips, firm without effort, and curved in manifold yet scarce perceptible expression: all bespoke a character of singular vehemence and vigour, a striking union of passionate force with the strictest self-control. Yet this self-control did not invite you, but rather silently beckoned you away; for this, too, seemed passionate, the result not of love, but of pride; not of principle, but of calculation; its very strength seemed dangerous. You would have said, the man had lived in wild perils and wild pleasures; mingling stormfully in both, but surrendering himself to neither; acting among multitudes, nay, ruling over them, yet apart and alone when in the midst of them; it was as if no difficulty could discompose him, no danger make him tremble, but, also, no pity make him weep. To Wotton there was something alienating and oppressive in this look of quietude, of sufficiency, and unsuffering isolation; he gazed on the man, sitting there, thrown negligently backwards, speaking with such vividness and penetration, yet so cool, so indifferent; and there were moments when, had it not been for a softer gleam, perhaps of sorrow, now and then blending in the steady fire of those dark eyes, he could almost have fancied him a man molten out of bronze.

In a little while, the gay Isabella had retired to her room, and Walter, who professed an unabated love for art, volunteered to attend our two students in a farther survey of the gallery. Wotton was again among his pictures; his eye still followed that of his fair instructress; but the pleasure of the lesson was now in great part gone. His late growing frankness, checked rudely enough by this rencounter, had given place to a certain irksome estrangement, which, indeed, Walter himself by many little attentions, the more artful that they seemed involuntary, was the readiest to attempt removing. Walter's feeling of art appeared much more distinct, but also much coarser and narrower, than Wotton's; you would have said he admired in the picture little more than some reflex of himself. For the still beauty, and meek, graceful significance of

Raphael he expressed no love; he lingered rather over the scenes of Gaspard Poussin and Salvator, as if enjoying their savage strength, as if in art in general the superiority of beauty to force had not been revealed to him. But what he chiefly dwelt on were portraits, by eminent masters, of eminent men. For the merit of these his taste seemed true; yet his partialities were regulated by the former principle, and appeared to depend as much on the subject as on the painter.

"Cousin," said Dorothy, with a smile, "I grieve to see you are still an idolator and no true worshipper in art; with the clearest sense of what is good you do not prefer the best; it is not the pure ideal, but the exciting real that you look for; you want devoutness, cousin; you reverence only power."

"I am without critical taste," said Walter; "but I tell you honestly what I enjoy and what I do not. Here, for instance," continued he, "here is my old friend again; can I help it if I like him?"

"It is Cromwell's portrait," said Wotton. "Truly a striking picture; and, if I mistake not, physiognomically expressive of the man."

"Old Noll, as he looked and lived!" said Walter. "The armed genius of Puritanism; dark in his inward light; negligent, awkward, in his strength; meanly apparelled in his pride; base-born, and yet more than kingly. Those bushy grizzled locks, flowing over his shoulders; that high, careworn brow; the gleam of those eyes, cold and stern as the sheen of a winter moon; that rude, rough-hewn, battered face, so furrowed over with mad inexplicable traces, the very wart on the cheek, are full of meaning. This is the man whose words no one could interpret, but whose thoughts were clearest wisdom, who spoke in laborious folly, in voluntary or involuntary enigmas, but saw and acted unerringly as fate. Confusion, ineptitude, dishonesty are pictured on his countenance, but through these shines a fiery strength, nay, a grandeur, as of a true hero. You see that he was fearless, resolute as a Scanderbeg, yet cunning and double withal, like some paltry pettifogger. He is your true enthusiastic hypocrite; at once crackbrained and inspired; a knave and a demigod; in brief, old Noll as he looked and lived! Confront him in contest with that mild melancholy Stuart, who eyes him in regal grace and order from the other wall, and you see that royalty is lost, that it is but withered stubble to devouring fire."

"Yet the *grey discrowned head*," said Dorothy, "has something of a martyr halo round it in feeling minds; and our thoughts dwell rather with the ring-dove in his nest than with the falcon who made it desolate."

"I confess I am for the falcon," said Wotton, "only he should fly at other game than ringdoves. And for this martyr of ours, we love him chiefly, I believe, because he was unfortunate; otherwise in his history there is much to pity, but little to admire. Surely, indeed, to quit our figure, it is wrong to reverence the spirit of power, considered simply as such; yet power is the sense of all sublimity, and does not this of necessity captivate the mind; nay, is it not the chief element of religion itself?"

"Scarcely of the highest religion, our philosophers would tell us," answered she. "Perfect love casteth out fear. To a true worshipper, the omnipotence of God is lost in His holiness; in other words, sublimity is swallowed up in all-comprehending beauty. You will observe, too, how much easier it is to homage the former than the latter attribute. In every thunderstorm we see the very beasts fall prostrate with a sort of terror-struck, slavish worship, and dumb cry for mercy; such, likewise, has been, and in great part still is, the devotion of most men; but for the pure soul that, without thought of self, worships the beauty of holiness, fears not and yet reverences, we still look as for a jewel in the common sand; and in ourselves we are glad if we can trace any vestiges of what in its complete sovereignty should form the crowning glory of our culture. For is it not our chief glory that the strong can be made obedient to the weak; that we yield not to force but to goodness; that we walk under heavenly influences, which are mild and still, not under earthly desires, which are fierce and tumultuous? Nay, that while these incessantly assault us, those alone should quicken us, alone be felt and regarded. Of you, my friend, I shall one day make a convert; but for our cousin here," added she, with a grave smile, "he is wedded to his errors."

"And a stormy matrimony we have had of it," said Walter, "before the household could be brought to peace. But positively, cousin, you do me wrong; I have my lucid intervals as well as another; only in a life of storm and battle our philosophy will sometimes step aside, and many things must be left as they can be, not as they should."

Dorothy, with a faint smile, shook her head. On the whole it seemed to be an object with the soldier to stand well with her; an object which, under a show of candour and indifference, he was not imperceptibly pursuing with unusual eagerness, and in which with all his mastery in such arts, he appeared by no means completely prospering. In the piercing eye of such a woman, the craftiest dissimulation brings no

perfect concealment; in pure souls there is an instinct which, in the absence of vision, warns them away from the bad, and as if in obscure beckonings declares: "There cannot be communion between us." Much more when this instinct, the product of the heart, has been allied to quickness of intellectual perception, and its dim intimations become clear in the light of long observation and experience of men and their ways. Walter's secret might be hidden, but the hiding of it was not hidden; under this smooth smiling expanse his fair cousin felt that there were rocks and cruel abysses; that whoso trusted to its calmness might find it a treacherous element, and in its strength make shipwreck.

But in a little while the Lady Isabella flitted in, new and glittering like a pheasant after moulting-time; in whose gay, graceful discursiveness all sober study, all serious purpose, whether of aversion or affection, necessarily found its turn. She was one of those souls to whom Heaven has denied the power of any perseverance. Sharp, rapid in her understanding, keen and many times correct in her tastes, she had, indeed, the elements of much worth within her, but these so loosely combined, and intermixed with such a quantity of light alloy, that generally their influence was ineffectual, nay, often their existence altogether invisible. She looked upon the world as a vain show, for such to her it really was; without serious interest in it, without hope, or, indeed, wish of any abiding good, she flickered through it gracefully and carelessly as through the mazes of a masquerade, neither loving any of her brother figures nor hating any, content if this or that individual among them could transiently amuse her with his talent, and all would gratify her with due admiration. Nor was it men only that she viewed as masks, but, indeed, all things; in her conceptions no object was, properly speaking, of more than two dimensions, length and breadth, without thickness; so she dwelt not among things, but among hollow shells of things, mere superficies, of more or less brilliancy in truth, but without solidity or value, and which thus deserved no care from her, thus obtained none. For with all her susceptibility it was nearly impossible to fix her mind on aught; greatness, goodness of any sort, would bring a tear into her bright eyes, but next moment she was thinking how very singular this greatness or this goodness *looked*. She believed in Heaven and Hell; yet always after the first thrill of wonder or terror, she insensibly figured them like more extended meetings at Almack's; the first, a bright assemblage, gas-lit, harmonious, fantastic, and unspeakably amusing; the last, some obscure chaotic medley, horrid, it is true, but chiefly by its dulness

and vulgarity, an intensation merely of the horror suffered in a maladroit "At Home." Thus all things in her were like Sibyl's leaves; her opinions, purposes, moods, at the breath of every accident, were in continual flux and reflux, and if with her gaiety and grace she was delightful for an hour, her dominion for a day was well-nigh insupportable.

To Wotton, in his present humour, such entertainment was peculiarly unsolacing: this sparkling, fitful levity, which he could neither rule nor obey, distressed him; but if Walter's presence had been like a nightmare, which he thought not to withstand, this was a continual dropping, which in its annoyance reminded him of escape. He seized the first fit opportunity; said something of his customary morning ride; and with hasty compliments took leave.

His morning ride was a ceremony of no binding nature; but a new light rose on him while his horse was a-saddling. "Would I were with Bernard!" thought he; for his heart was weighed down with a crushing load, and he felt as if free speech would be an inexpressible relief to him. Leaving a proper message with the groom, he accordingly inquired his way across the hills; learned that in two hours of good riding he might reach his friend; and so at a brisk pace, which soon became a gallop, he left the happy valley.

Such furious speed seemed at once to express and in some degree assuage the internal uproar; but in his mind there was neither peace nor clearness, all was yet imagination and sensation; its forms had not given birth to thoughts, but in their greater stillness were only growing more complicated, more gigantic; and ever as he pulled up, in ascending some rough steep, or from his ledge of road looked down into the shaggy chasm, it seemed amid the sound of waterfalls and moaning woods and hoarsechoughs, as if deep were speaking of him to deep in prophetic words full of mystery, sadness, and awe. The journey itself was soon and safely accomplished, but it proved ineffectual. Bernard was from home; he had gone with the nobleman, his landlord, to attend some meeting in the market town of the district, and was not expected till the morrow.

With difficulty, Wotton, bent on continuing his quest, yielded to friendly entreaty and alighted, that so clearer direction and brief rest and refreshment might enable man and horse to pursue their route with more convenience. The town was at some twelve miles distance, and two roads led to it; of which our traveller preferred the horseway through the mountains, as shorter and more solitary; for in this mood the waste stillness of such regions was friendly to him. For the rest,

the mansion being empty, save of servants, no unessential delay was called for: in a little while, Radbury Park with its groves and lawns had disappeared, and Wotton was again mounting the uplands in vain eagerness to reach what he half knew could little avail him. The declining sun shone softly on him through the foliage of the glens; the brooks gushed loud and cheerful by his side; and often from some open eminence his eye rested on stern blue ranges, or caught here and there the glitter of a lake or streamlet in the distance. But his heart was heavy and alone as in old days; the dreamy hope which had mingled with so much inquietude in the morning, seemed to die away and retire into littleness, as the scene of it retired; and he asked himself: "What art thou to this man Walter, or what is he to thee, that thou shouldst either shrink from him or seek him? Dost thou still love, still look for blessedness, outcast as thou art? Art not thou poor and helpless; are not the gates of human activity inexorably shut against thee? Have I an aim that is not mad, a hope of peace but in the chambers of death! O thou bright form, why lingerest thou still in the desert of my life? Vanish, fair treacherous vision, vanish and mock me not. If I have been unwise I bear it, and darkness and desolation are my lot for ever."

In this humour, little would have tempted him to turn his horse suddenly; to snap asunder these new-formed ties, and, without leave-taking, hurry back to his native solitudes with blank despondency for his guide. But shame and a little remnant of hope still urged him forward: "After all," said he, "what have I to lose? My integrity is mine, and nothing more. Who fears not death, him no shadow can make tremble;" and reciting this latter sentence with a strong low tone in the original words of Euripides, its author, he rode along as if composing his soul by this antique spell into forced and painful rest.

In a short while his attention was called outwards from these meditations, for the valley he had been ascending closed in abruptly on a broad, rugged mountain, stretching like a wall across the whole breadth of the hollow, the high sides of which it irregularly intersected, forming on both hands a rude course for the winter torrents, and on the right a path, which suddenly became so steep and stony that Wotton judged it prudent to dismount while climbing it. Arrived with some labour at the top, he again found himself in the western sunlight, which had been hid below, and he paused with the bridle in his hand to wonder over a scene which, whether by its natural character, or from the present temper of his own mind, surpassed in impressiveness all that he had ever looked on.

It was an upland wavy expanse of heath or rough broken downs, where valleys in complex branching were, openly or imperceptibly, arranging their declivity towards every quarter of the sky. The hilltops were beneath his feet ; the cottages, the groves, and meadows lapped up in the folds of these lower ranges and hid from sight ; but the loftiest summits of the region towered up here and there as from their base ; gray cliffs also were scattered over the waste, and tarns lay clear and earnest in their solitude. Close on the left was a deep chasm, the beginning of another valley, on the farther side of which abruptly rose a world of fells, as it were, the crown and centre of the whole mountain country ; a hundred and a hundred savage peaks attracting eye and heart by their form, for all was glowing like molten gold in the last light of the sun now setting behind them, and in this majestic silence to the wanderer, pensive and lonely in this wilderness, the scene was not only beautiful but solemn. Wotton was affected to his inmost soul ; he gazed over these stupendous masses in their strange light, and it seemed to him as if till now he had never known Nature ; never felt that she had, indeed, a fairy and unspeakable loveliness ; nay, that she was his mother and divine. And as the ruddy glow faded into clearness in the sky, and the sheen of the peaks grew purple and sparkling, and the day was now to depart, a murmur of eternity and immensity, a voice from other worlds, stole through his soul, and he almost felt as if the earth were not dead ; as if the spirit of the earth might have its throne in this glory, and his own spirit might commune with it as with a kindred thing. "Ὀρειτέρα παμβῶτι Γᾶ !" internally exclaimed he in Doric words ; "Ὀρειτέρα παμβῶτι Γᾶ, thou rugged all-supporting earth !"

But what words can express our feeling in such hours ? It is as if the spirit for a moment were delivered from the clay ; as if in Pisgah vision it descried the gates of its celestial home, and tones of a diviner melody, wafted from beyond this world, led captive our purified sense. And the thought of death, as in all scenes of grandeur, steals over us, and of our lost ones that are already hid in the narrow house, and of all the innumerable nations of the dead that are there before them, the great and famous that have gone thither since the beginning of time. Their multitude affrights us ; the living are but a handful ; one wave in the boundless tide of ages. Who would grieve for his own light afflictions in this universal doom ? Who could envy, who could hate or injure any fellow man ? Frail, transitory man ! we weep over him in fondest pity, for the shadows of Death bound in our brightest visions, and

mingling in the jubilee of Nature is heard a voice of lamentation!

Wotton was aroused from his strange reveries by the tramp of approaching riders. Starting round, he observed a cavalcade emerging from the dwarf thickets that skirted the base of a neighbouring cliff, and advancing towards him at a brisk pace; or, rather, perhaps towards his track which winded forward through the wolds obliquely to their present one. The evening light shone full on the group, which consisted of two men gaily mounted, and a lady between them managing a light Arab with the skill and elegance of a complete equestrian. Long folds of a dark riding-dress flowed over her feet and the side of her horse; black locks waved in graceful clusters from beneath her gold-banded fur *barrette;* but, as she approached, the first glimpse of her features struck our hero with a nameless feeling. His presence also in these solitudes at such an hour seemed to give surprise in its turn, for the whole party simultaneously pulled in as they noticed him; and the lady drew back and hastily dropped her veil.

"A good evening, fair sir!" said one of the riders, advancing near him. "You linger late on the moors. Has anything befallen?"

Wotton was instinctively clinging to his horse, which this new arrival had disturbed; but in his confusion he scarcely knew what the stranger had said, much less how to answer him with courtesy; he answered merely with a slight bow and an inquiring "Sir?"

"Nay, Jack, you are wrong, 'tis another!" cried the second horseman, also coming up. "Pardon us, sir!" continued he, addressing Wotton. "The sight of a traveller at sunset on these wolds, and not in motion but at rest, surprised us, and we have forgotten good manners in interfering with your privacy. We crave your pardon."

"The wilderness has privileges of its own," said Wotton, who had now recovered himself. "In such solitudes every human face is friendly. No pardon, for there is no offence, but a favour. I am a stranger among the mountains, a passing pilgrim; the wild light of these fells detained me in spite of haste. If our roads go together, I shall be proud of such company. I am riding northwards."

"*We* ride alone," said the first horseman in a somewhat surly voice.

Wotton looked in his face; the man, naturally nowise truculent, had an aspect of elaborate resolve, almost of menace.

"You have leave, sirs," answered Wotton coldly, and bending his eyes towards the path they had quitted.

"And we go armed," said the other, glancing at his holsters, and evidently piqued by this indifference.

"*De*fensively, I may presume," said Wotton, in a still chiller tone. "But for the love of God, madam," cried he with utmost earnestness, and advancing a step towards the lady, whose horse had now joined the rest, "tell me, are not you——?"

"Ah, yes!" faintly interrupted the sweet silver voice of Jane Montagu. "But——"

"Gracious God!" exclaimed he, almost sinking in the unspeakable conflict of his feelings. "Oh, my friend! my friend!"

"Wotton Reinfred," said she, in a livelier tone, as he grasped her hand, "if you are indeed my friend, you will not quarrel with my guardians, nay, my blood relations. Here is no time for ceremonies and the point of honour. This is no recreant, but a true knight, and loyal to me. Of caitiffs we have enow besides; there, give him your hand; and for you, sir, mount, if you will, and come along with us."

The surly rider brightened up into frankness as she spoke in this tone; readily apologising for his over-hastiness, he proffered cordial reconcilement; and thus, in the singular vicissitudes of a few moments, was Wotton riding forward through the desert, at the side of one whom he had long bitterly mourned as lost, and yet could scarcely in his tumultuous bewilderment believe that he had found.

The rapid pace at which they rode was unfavourable to talk or explanation, which, at any rate, the lady seemed desirous to avoid; she did not lift her veil; she answered briefly, and in a voice from which its first liveliness, perhaps only a transient gleam constrained for the occasion, had disappeared. She was evidently thoughtful, earnest, and, it might be, her thoughts were of sorrow rather than of joy. As for Wotton, his mind was as in a maze; the past would not join with the present or the future; and at times, as he dashed along in silence with the rest, the dusk sinking deeper and stiller over the mountains in their horizon, and the crags near at hand growing whiter, huger, and almost spectral, and the quick footsteps of the horses alone sounding through the waste, or mingling in echoes with the rush of distant waters, he could have fancied that his senses were deceiving him; that he should awake and find this vision, so full of sadness and of rapture, only a dream-picture, a pageant of the mind.

"But is it really you?" whispered he, with melting heart in the ear of his loved one, as he approached her for a moment. "Is it really you,

the Jane whom I have sat with and talked with of old? For here in the wizard solitude I begin to doubt it, and feel that I were too happy."

"God knows," said she, "times are altered, and we with them; but surely I was once Jane Montagu, and had a friend called Reinfred. That you may believe."

The two horsemen were silent also, or spoke only at intervals, and of their distance from the town, the qualities of the road, or the rare performance of their horses. In another hour the foreground of the scene grew darker and the track began to slope. At last, far down, rose the light of the burgh, gleaming peacefully in hospitable sheen against the sky, like a beacon to the wayfarer. Our party descended into the valley, and soon a smooth shady road conducted them to paved streets and their inn.

Chapter VII.

Jane Montagu had with brief good-night retired directly to her apartment, an example which her two attendants, wearied by a hard day's journey, seemed not disinclined to follow. Their supper with our friend was short, and in regard to table-talk laborious rather than exhilarating; they yet knew not rightly on what footing he was to stand, or how far he might safely be admitted to their secrets, so that cheerfulness and trustful communing gave place on all hands to politeness and cautious generalities. From their conversation, which he could but watch not lead, he had gathered only that they were naval officers, that Jaspar, the elder and blunter of the two, was in fact the cousin of Jane, with whose character and late history, however, he appeared nowise personally familiar, nor did either he or Elton his comrade seem to be her lover, though in her fortunes both testified a true interest. For the rest, the party was evidently in a state resembling flight, though whence or whither was not so much as hinted, only a pressing entreaty for silence and concealment taught Wotton that they still reckoned themselves within the sphere of pursuit, and dreaded being overtaken as a great evil. To their request he gave a strict and prompt assent, and so with expressions of good will, and of hopes that what was dark would to the happiness of all become light, the company broke up, and Wotton like the strangers withdrew to his room.

From the servants he had learned that Bernard was in the town, nay

at that very hour in the inn, but to speak with him, much as he had longed for it, he now carefully avoided. What could he speak of, when all concerns were swallowed up in one, of which he could not yet divine the mystery, or thousandfold importance, and must not even whisper his surmises. But what, now in his seclusion, was he to think of this strange day? What had befallen Jane Montagu, that she was crossing the mountains, a fugitive, encompassed with anxieties, and under such dubious escort? The men seemed honourable men, and of the friendliest feelings to her; but whither was she hastening with them, what was she flying or in search of? Was it in fear or hope; was she driven or allured? To all which questions, with the utmost strain of his invention, he could answer nothing, but he only in baffled efforts at conjecture increased the weariness which was already stealing over him like the advance of night.

Did she love another, then; did she trust another more than him? Her manner had been kind, confiding, nay for moments almost tender. No! She did not love another! Gracious Heaven! She still loved him! And was she unfortunate? Did she need *his* help? Could he assist her; could his heart, his life, have value to her? And this thought, like a little point of splendour, by degrees tinged in wild hues of beauty the whole chaos of his mind; the cruel became meek, the impossible easy; all harsh discordant shapes, expanding into infinitude, coalesced in friendly union, and his spirit sank into sleep as into a sea of many coloured lights.

At an early hour he awoke from vague gorgeous dreams, but depressed and heavy-laden, and with the feeling of a man who has much to do and suffer. Looking forth from his window across the wide courtyard with its grooms in their miscellaneous occupation, he observed in the alleys of the garden two men walking to and fro and earnestly conversing, one of whom he directly recognised for Bernard. The air of his friend seemed anxious and busy; he was bent forward and moving his hand as in the endeavour to persuade, while his companion, apparently a man of rank, seemed listening kindly rather than replying. Wotton drew back, for at present he dreaded interruptions, even from Bernard.

He was scarcely dressed, when a servant whom he had summoned for some other purpose delivered him a note. The handwriting Wotton knew of old: it was Jane Montagu's! "To Wotton Reinfred, Esquire." He opened and read:—

"A new day has risen, and like the Wandering Jew I must again

set forth with the morning. Come and wish me good speed ere I go! A strange chance restored me a friend, and in two hours I must part with him, perhaps for ever."

Wotton made no loitering; in few minutes, with proper guidance and announcement, he found himself in a trim, quiet, little parlour, where Jane Montagu, already in her travelling attire, received him with smiles, beautiful in their sadness as a cloudy summer morn. Both parties looked embarrassed, as they naturally felt, while there was so much demanding utterance, and no words in which it could be uttered. What change since these two had last met face to face! What a chasm now separated them, over which, in the pale dusk of memory, hovered past joys, mournfully beckoning them from afar, and as if weeping that there was no return! Those times were now gone, that blissful community of life had been all rent asunder, and yet still her right hand was in his, and they again stood near in space, though in relation so widely divided. A tear was gathering in the bright eyes of Jane, which she fixed on the ground, and through Wotton's heart were quivering wild tones of remembrance and hope, wailing as of infinite grief, and touches of rapture rising almost to pain. He gazed silently on that loved form; there was no motion in her hand, but she timidly raised her face, where over soft, quick blushes tears were stealing, and next moment, neither knew how it was, but his arms were round her, and her bosom was on his, and in the first pure heavenly kiss of love two souls were melted into one.

It was but for a moment. She sharply, almost angrily withdrew herself and cried, hiding her face: "Forbear, sir! If you hope to see me another minute, no more of this!" Wotton stood confounded at his rashness, yet glorying in its celestial fruit: he attempted in broken words to apologise.

"Beware, sir!" said she. "It was not to hear love declarations which I must not listen to, that I sent for you hither. My life is made of sterner stuff; they are far other tasks that await me. Alas!" continued she, "I have no friend in this world, if you be my lover. I am an unhappy girl, an orphan wanderer!" She burst into weeping.

"Jane Montagu!" said Wotton, in a voice striving to be calm, "I have hoped, I have wished for no other happiness, but to be your friend and brother through all time. If there was ever any vestige of goodness in me, believe that I am yours, to live and die for you as you shall desire. Weak, unworthy I am, but not wicked; trust in me, O trust in me! Can

I betray your trust? Can I give it in exchange as a thing less precious? O what else could my life have in it worth keeping!"

"My wish and purpose is to trust you," said she, giving him her hand, which he modestly pressed to his lips. "I am parting from you, but I would not part from your good wishes, from your estimation. But come, why all this tragedy?" continued she, in a lighter tone, and summoning a smile through her tears. "Sit down, and speak with me, for I have much to inquire and say, and it will be long before we meet again."

"In Heaven's name," cried he, "whither are you going? Why did I lose you, and in what strange scenes have I found you after long waiting?"

"You have right to ask," said she; "but I cannot answer in a word. Have patience with me; I have longed to tell you all; longed to unfold the sad perplexities which encompass me, to give them voice and shape to any mortal that was not false-hearted, who, if he could not offer me help, would faithfully offer me pity, the solace of all the wretched. I have been alone in my grief, alone! Perhaps it were wiser to continue so, but it is otherwise determined; listen to me, you shall hear all."

Wotton sat in breathless attention, and the fair Jane, with a resolute effort at indifference and composure, thus proceeded:—

"I might well say with Macbeth, My May of life is fallen into the sear and yellow leaf, were it not that little sunshine visits one at any time, and as for my life, I think it has been cast in some Nova Zembla climate, where, however it might be May by the calendar, by the sky it was December. Bright blue hours I have had too, and one always hopes the weather will mend!

"Of my childhood I can say little. Something whispers me that in the earlier part of it I was happier, for I have faint recollections of a pleasant home and kind nurses, and one that used to weep over me and kiss me, perhaps she was my mother. But an obscure, confused period succeeds; of which I have no remembrance, except a certain vague impression of tumult and distress; and this first scene stands like some fair little island, divided by wild seas from my whole after life. I had lost my parents, how I have never known, some baleful mystery hangs over their fate, a gloomy secret, which when I have inquired into I have been answered only in hints and dark warnings to forbear inquiring. Unhappy father! It seems he must have died miserably, sometimes I have feared by his own hand. And she too, the good mother, she that fondled me and laid me on her bosom, was for ever hid from my

eyes. Alas! was she my mother? or is this also but a dream which I mistake for a reminiscence? Father or mother in truth I have never known.

"You have seen my aunt, and something of her character, which therefore I need not describe at large. Surely I owe her much, she was my sole benefactress; herself a widow, she found me a helpless orphan, for with their ill-starred life the fortune of my parents had also gone to wreck, and had it not been for her affection, I was destitute as well as orphaned. Affection I may call it, though of a strange sort, and made up of mere contradictions. She has shared her all with me; though poor she has shunned no cost in procuring me instruction and improvement; indeed day after day she has watched over me with the solicitude of a mother; yet scarcely a day has passed but I have had to doubt whether her feeling towards me was love or hatred. In my childhood often she would hold me in her arms, and gaze over me till her heart seemed melting with saddest tenderness, then all at once I have seen those swimming eyes flash into fury, and she would spurn me from her as an accursed thing. A tempestuous life we had of it, and sore many times was my little heart oppressed and vexed. I had none to trust in, I wept in secret, and were it not that childhood is naturally forgetful and inclined to joy, I must have been often quite wretched.

"My aunt is certainly no common person; she has the most decisive opinions, a firm and speedy resolve, high feelings also, indeed a certain taste for all excellence. Yet these fine elements of goodness have in her come to no good; she is proud, vindictive, jealous, she does even kindness unkindly, and her temper is changeful as winter winds. It seems as if some malign influence had passed over her nature, and thwarted into perverse direction so many possibilities of virtue. Poor lady! For if she makes others suffer, she herself suffers still more. It is long since I discovered that she had no happiness, no peace, but rather the gnawing of an inward discontent, which never dies, and often I have thought its source lay deeper than mere worldly disappointment. Perhaps her marriage was unfortunate, she will not speak of it, she sternly avoids it, and to Jaspar her son she shows less affection than even to me. Perhaps— But alas! Do not mystery and mischance environ me and gird me round? My whole history is a riddle, which he were a cunning seer that could read me! Disquietude of conscience my unhappy relative may have or not, disquietude of some kind she too evidently has. No system of circumstances, no scene, no circle of society

can long please her, nowhere can she take up her permanent abode, but she wanders from place to place seeking that rest which she knows beforehand is not to be found. Of late years her misery seems increasing, there are times when she shrinks from human presence, for days she will sit secluded in her room, refusing all sympathy or trustful communication, and her look when it falls on you is cruel and cold. Poor lady! Her heart will break one day, for she is too strong-willed to end in madness.

"My native place and hers is this North of England, but directly on the death of my parents she retired with me to Vevey in Switzerland, where she had before resided. Thus French became a second mother-tongue to me, and the Leman Lake and the wild mountains of Savoy are the earliest scenes of my memory. Our way of life here was sombre enough; except with certain clergy of the place, and one or two sedate persons chiefly of literary habits, my aunt had no society; the English travellers, of whom many passed, she carefully avoided, nay repelled if they sought her. Jaspar was not with us but in England at a boarding-school; one grave old woman was our only servant. Yet this solitude was not lonesome to me, nor with all my little griefs did I feel myself unhappy. What wealth is in childhood, how that morning sun makes a very desert beautiful! One has yet no consciousness of self, one is a thought, an action, not a thinker or an actor. They praised me for diligence at school, the whole world was indeed a school to me, where day after day I was learning new wonders, and forming new ties of love. What joy when I could escape to bound over the meadows with my little sister maidens! But still deeper joy I felt when in solitary castle building I shaped out the future, and saw myself not a princess with kneeling knights—no, no!—but a Corinna, a poetess, an intellectual woman! For towards this goal, whether by natural temper, or the influence of our literary visitors, my whole soul was already bent. Blame not my mad whim! I cannot blame it, though I know its emptiness; this poor vision has come before me in its brightness, and been a city of refuge to my soul in all troublous seasons. Vevey is still dear to me, and the great Mont Blanc with his throne of glacier-rubies still visits me in sleep and shines in the background of many a dream.

"It was not without bitter tears that I left this first home and all that I had ever loved or known in life. But I was now in my twelfth summer, and my tears soon dried, for England and London were before me. What a world of hopes! England the land of my nativity, where

in some lone churchyard, which I often figured, were the graves of my parents, over which I should indeed weep, but tears so soft and blessed! London, the city of wonders, where I was to see and learn so much! My heart leapt at the thought, in spite of all perversities, caprices, nay cruelties, I was the happiest little soul alive. Not so my aunt; her gloom seemed to deepen as she approached the English shore, and I was more than once reminded that but for me and my interests she would not have set foot on it again; but in kinder hours she told me I might now be happier, if I were good; I was to complete my learning; by and by I should meet friends, be introduced to society, of which, however, I ought rather to beware than expect much good. I was too young to understand her fully, but my images of danger and enjoyment were alike gorgeous and almost alike attractive, and her ideas I still rocked to and fro on the wildest waves.

"London fulfilled neither my expectations nor hers. The deafening, never-ceasing tumult of that monstrous city, its aspect of power and splendour for a while intoxicated me, but the charm of novelty wore off, and I looked back to my little room at Vevey, and its book-shelves and rose-festoons and studious quiet seemed doubly precious. Of masters I had abundance, but they taught me only female accomplishments, and what I most wanted was knowledge. In public our relations, gay, grand people, saw me and caressed me, but I soon found that their kindness was from the lips only, while in secret at home I had more to suffer than ever. My aunt had become a stranger among her kindred, in every circle her place had long ago been filled up, or rather in so many years of absence the circle itself had disappeared, and now she saw herself superfluous, nay, it may be, regarded with distrust, for her way of life had long been involved in a certain mystery, from which it was not difficult for many to draw spiteful inferences. She felt all this and smarted under it in her proud spirit. I too was unhappy. Alas! I was now awakening to life, I was now looking on the world with my own eyes, and sad enough were my surveys and forecastings! I saw myself alone; I saw my aunt, as she was, desolate, gloomy, if not malignant; sometimes I secretly accused her, sometimes I almost hated her, this aunt that had been a mother to me. I was still gay, sportful, but no longer from the heart, which, when I thought of it, was often full of fear and sorrow. The future lay before me, so vast, so solemn, and often all gloomy; except in my darling vision, my old dream of intellectual greatness, I had no strength or stay, and this was but a trembling

hope which I hid from every one almost as a guilty thought. The fate of literary women, the ridicule I saw cast on them had grieved me deeply, yet in the end nowise effaced my first project; nay perhaps, for there is a spirit of contradiction in us, rather added strength to it. Foolish girl! But soon I had more pressing matters to reflect on.

"We left London finally after a residence of three years; my aunt mortified and disdainful; I neither glad nor sorry at the change which, indeed, I foresaw would not be lasting, for dissatisfaction and unrest had now taken firm hold of my unhappy relative; she had ceased to be devout, she was at once violent and aimless, and bad days seemed to await me beside her wherever we might live. It was in the south of Wales, whither a pleasant situation and some distant connections in the neighbourhood had invited her, that we next settled. Our way of life here you can figure: why should I trouble you with the poor repetition of frivolity and spleen which with only superficial varieties now this now that new abode has witnessed? One circumstance there is, however, which makes these scenes for ever memorable to me. It was here that I first saw the being whom I may justly call my evil genius; for since that hour his influence has pursued me only to my hurt, and still hangs like a baleful shadow over my whole life. Oh, my friend! This man, this demon! Why did he ever behold me? Why must the black, wasting whirlwind of his life snatch him into its course? But I will be calm.

"Edmund Walter, the first time I saw him, thought right to treat me with a distinction which could not but be visible to everyone. It was a rather numerous assembly: Walter was among the cynosures of the night, and perhaps the poor bashful girl was somewhat envied such attention. In my own mind, God knows, it caused little joy: on the contrary, this man, with all his pomp and plausibility of aspect, was positively distressing to me, or if I had for the moment some touch of female vanity in his flatteries, I received them but as fairy-money and with a half-criminal feeling, for dread and aversion, as to a wicked soul, were my impressions of him from the first. My impressions, however, it appeared, were not to regulate our intercourse; nay, perhaps this indifference, this repulsion, accustomed as he was to prevail over all hearts, rather piqued him into new assiduity. He followed me, at least—followed me from that hour with continual civilities, the more questionable as they could not be rejected, for so dexterously did he go to work that his conduct expressed at once everything and nothing,

wavered like a changing colour; seen on this side, all softness and beguilement; on that, mere acquaintanceship and common social courtesy. With such craft was he studying to spin his nets about me, but it profited him little. If for moments I might trust to the voice of his charming, and feel only that a person of such talents and commanding energy was profitable as a transient companion, especially to one who had so few that could instruct her in aught, I failed not with all my inexperience to see habitually what and how dangerous was our true relation, nay, the more his conversation pleased, instructed, fascinated me, the stronger in my mind grew a dim persuasion that he was selfish and worthless, that it behoved me to break off from him, once for all to be open and decided and, with whatever violation of ceremony, for ever forbid him my presence. This, indeed, had I been mistress of my own actions, I should have done.

"But my aunt said nay, and my part was submission. Her conduct in regard to this man had all along been a puzzle to me. At first she vehemently objected to him, received his visits with coldness, sometimes scarcely even with a polished coldness; it was plain that she watched for opportunities of hurting him—that she strove, by all means short of open incivility, to harass him into retreat. Nevertheless, he was not to be so baffled: with a strange patience he submitted to her injuries, or by cunning turns of courtesy evaded them, and so persevered with a thousand wiles in paying court to her, that by degrees he insinuated himself into tolerance, nay, ere long into highest favour. By what new arts he had effected this I knew not, but so it was, for the two were evidently on the most trustful footing; they had private interviews, the purport of which I did not learn; only I could see by abundant symptoms that secrets were between them—secrets of what they reckoned weighty import, and from which it seemed I was to be carefully shut out.

"This mystery surprised and sometimes alarmed me; I hate mystery at all times, and in the present case I had signs that it concerned myself. My aunt had now changed her dialect with regard to Walter; she no longer spoke of him with bitterness, but zealously, with affection, nay, with admiration. She daily introduced the topic; asked my opinion of this and that feature in his character; defended him where I disliked, and warmly confirmed my judgment when it was favourable. She descanted at large on his looks, his talent, his manliness of mind; the polished strength, the elegance, the perfect nobleness of his whole

bearing—in short, whatever quality she knew me to approve of, with that in full measure she strove to invest him. I had much to object; I failed not to point out in contrast her own prior view of him. She owned that she had been mistaken; a fair outside was not always a false one; she understood this man better than I and could answer for his integrity, nay, more, for his intentions towards myself, which she had at first doubted, but now knew to be generous. As she saw me shrink from such applications, she did not pursue them, but talked in general of the charms of wealth and high station, and how precious it was to be loved for one's own sake. The drift of all this I could not but divine; in fact, her whole being seemed possessed with the project; a glad animation sparkled in her looks when she spoke of it, a hope and ardour such as I had never seen there before.

"Of my own feelings on the matter I could give little account. By such influence, with which his own treatment of me skilfully co-operated, a sort of false glory had been thrown around this man; yet surely, thought I, this is not love? For I felt, or might have felt, that I feared and did not trust him, that we were still divided, must for ever be divided. The thought of wedding him was frightful to me, but his asking me to wed him seemed a thing, with all the hints I had heard of it, so utterly unlikely that it gave me little trouble. On the whole I was mazed, dazzled, and knew only that in this bewilderment I knew nothing.

"Walter disappointed my calculations; in a letter full of cunning rhetoric he declared himself my lover, and offered me his hand; my aunt had already given her consent, and he waited only for mine to be the happiest of living mortals! What could I do? what could I say? I wept and sobbed, for there was a fearful contradiction within me. On the one side lay a life of dependence and chagrin, now threatening to become more galling than ever, without sympathy, without a friend, but one relative whom by my refusal I should bitterly afflict, nay, as it seemed, I should rob of her last earthly hope; and here, on the other side, stood the tempter, bright and joyful, stretching forth his hand and beckoning me with smiles to a scene so different! A man who loved me, of so many graces, too, and really splendid endowments! For some instants I could have yielded, but a secret voice, in tones faint, yet inexpressibly earnest, warned me that he was false and cruel, that it should not and must not be. This warning I at last resolved, come what might, to obey.

"After two sleepless nights, and days exposed to a thousand influences of entreaty, menace, and persuasion, I rose with a decidedness of purpose such as I had never before felt; briefly, in words as distinct as were consistent with politeness, I penned my refusal, and, without speaking a word, laid the note before my aunt. Contrary to expectation she showed no anger, but only sorrow; she wept and kissed me; said that my happiness was hers; that if I so wished it, so it should be. Such tenderness melted me; I burst into tears and expressed in passionate language my unhappiness at distressing her. She renewed her caresses and encouragements, only at the same time hinting as a question, if perhaps my note was not too vigorously worded? Why should we offend a man so powerful, so friendly to us? Were it not better if I excused myself on simply the score of youth, and, without peremptory denial, left the matter to die away of itself and Walter to change imperceptibly by force of time from a lover into a friend? Eager for conciliation, glad by any means to purchase peace for the present, I consented; in an unlucky hour the new letter was written and despatched; and so the evil which I should have fronted when it came postponed into vague distance, where it gathered fresh wrath against me for a future day.

"Walter renewed his visits almost as if nothing had happened, only glancing once and from afar at the occurrence, to which he adroitly contrived to give a light turn, so that matters soon settled on their old footing, and I blessed myself that the storm was blown over. Of love for me he had never spoken and did not now speak, but strove rather with all his resources, which were nowise inconsiderable, to make our conversation generally interesting and profitable in particular for my intellectual culture, which he saw well was the object I had most at heart. By such means my suspicions were certainly quieted if not dispersed; I again began to look on him with some degree of satisfaction, at least, with thankfulness for what he taught me; nor could I hide from myself that dubious, nay, repulsive as his inward nature might appear to me, I had seen few men of such endowments, few who had so quickened my faculties and, though with somewhat alien influence, given me so many new ideas and so much incitement to improve.

"In this favourable mood he left us, his regiment being ordered to the North, where it was to be reduced, perhaps broken. He took his leave quietly, with friendliness, but no show of tenderness, and in the manner of a man who hoped yet without anxiety to meet us again.

War, he observed, was a trade for the present as good as ruined, and of which at any rate one would in time grow tired; he had thoughts of slackening his connection with the army and settling on his own soil; who knew but the Cincinnatulus, when his sword had become a ploughshare, might tempt his fair hostesses to a long journey, or at least meet them in their wayfarings and renew the memory of so many happy days? In this fashion we parted; with my aunt he was in dearer esteem than ever; even I could not but wish him good speed, and sometimes afterwards not without regret contrast his sprightly sense with the laborious, often malicious, inanity of most that remained in my sphere behind him.

"A brisk correspondence had commenced between my aunt and Walter, in which she seemed to find her chief, or rather sole pleasure, for ever since his departure a double discontent had settled over her. About this time Jaspar, her son, paid us his first visit; a gay, rather boisterous, but on the whole true-hearted young man; with him, as with the only one of my relations who had ever shown me much affection, I by degrees established a pleasant friendship, which has remained unbroken through various vicissitudes, and now, indeed, forms my last confidence in the future. His regiment had returned from India, where he had fought and wandered, of all which he had much to tell us, or rather, to tell me, for his mother manifested little interest in this or aught that concerned him, and, strange as it may seem, her own only child had now come to see her, for the second time since infancy, not by her sólicitation, but by her consent, and that unwillingly bestowed. Of these things he sometimes complained to me, yet with pity towards his mother rather than with anger; indeed, my cousin is of so jocund and buoyant a temper that nothing painful abides with him.

"Walter he knew by old acquaintance: they had been fellow-students at the military college, but as Jaspar spoke of him with dislike, the mother, to avoid quarrels, rarely mentioned this subject, and to me it was now become well-nigh indifferent. Jaspar and I had family concerns and much that interested both to talk of. On the history of my parents he could throw no light, but he wondered with me at my aunt's mysterious silence; encouraged me under so many painful circumstances, and often with unusual warmth declared that he would be a friend and brother to me always, befal what might. I had never had a brother, but I felt towards this man something like what a sister may feel. Undistinguished by any great quality, nay, with many faults and a certain

coarseness of nature, he was good and kind to me, and in his company I felt so glad and safe, so affectionate yet so calm! These five weeks flew away too quickly; my new brother left us and I again remained alone, my aunt by some unaccountable perversity refusing even to let me correspond with him.

"Her days were indeed become days of darkness; she was wasting in unexplained sorrows; her soul wrapt up in mystery and often also in the terrors and mortifications of superstition; she felt no hope in life, no sympathy with the living. With the social circle of our neighbourhood she was displeased, herself likewise displeasing, and had almost ceased to correspond; except when she heard of this stranger, her face was seldom brightened with any smile. What I suffered from her why should I describe to you? But I foresaw that some change of place would soon follow, and with it perhaps some alleviation. Meanwhile I kept retired within my old fortress, where, quiet and diligent, I felt as if for the sake of knowledge I could suffer all this and much more.

"What I had anticipated failed not to happen. Early next spring we moved northwards, and, after a short residence among these fells, still farther northwards into Scotland, to the spot you know so well! Dear land!"

THREE WARS.

II.

IN 1859 I was in Paris, finishing my studies at the Lycée St. Louis. As it happened, I was there with my two school-fellows from Aix, Louis and Julien. Louis was preparing for his entrance examination to the Ecole Polytechnique ; Julien had decided to go in for law. We were all out-students.

By this time we had ceased to be savages, entirely ignorant of the contemporary world. Paris had ripened us. Thus, when the war with Italy broke out, we were abreast of the stream of political events which had led to it. We even discussed the war in the character of politicians and military adepts. It was the fashion at college to take interest in the campaign, and to follow the movements of the troops on the map. During our college hours we used to mark out positions with pins and fight and lose battles. In order to be well up to date, we devoured an enormous supply of newspapers. It was the mission of us out-students to bring them in. We used to arrive with our pockets stuffed, with thicknesses of paper under our coats, enclosed from head to foot in an armour of newspapers. And while lectures were going on these papers were circulated ; lessons and studies were neglected ; we drank our fill of news, shielded by the back of a neighbour. In order to conceal the big sheets we used to cut them in four, and open them inside our books. The professors were not always blind, but they let us go our own way with the tolerance of men resigned to let the idler bear the burden of his idleness.

At first, Julien shrugged his shoulders. He was possessed by a fine adoration of the poets of 1830, and there was always a volume of Musset or Hugo in his pocket which he used to read at lecture. So when anyone handed him a newspaper he used to pass it on scornfully without even condescending to look at it, and would continue reading the poem which he had begun. To him it seemed monstrous that anybody could

care about men who were fighting one another. But a catastrophe which changed the whole course of his life caused him to alter his opinion.

One fine day Louis, who had just failed in his examination, enlisted. It was a rash step which had long been in his mind. He had an uncle who was a general, and he thought himself sure of making his way without passing through the military schools. Besides, when the war was over, he could still try Saint-Cyr. When Julien heard this news, it came upon him like a thunderbolt. He was no longer the boy declaiming against war with missish arguments, but he still had an unconquerable aversion. He wished to show himself a hardened man ; and he succeeded in not shedding tears before us. But from the time his brother went, he became one of the most eager devourers of newspapers. We came and went from college together ; and our conversations turned on nothing but possible battles. I remember that he used to drag me almost every day to the Luxembourg Gardens. He would lay his books on a bench and trace a whole map of Northern Italy in the sand. That kept his thoughts with his brother. In the depths of his heart he was full of terror at the idea that he might be killed.

Even now, when I inquire of my memory, I find it difficult to make clear the elements of this horror of war on Julien's part. He was by no means a coward. He merely had a distaste for bodily exercises, to which he reckoned abstract mental speculations far superior. To live the life of a learned man or a poet, shut into a quiet room, seemed to him the real end of man on this earth ; while the turmoils of the street, battles, whether with fist or sword, and everything which develops the muscles seemed to him only fit for a nation of savages. He despised athletes and acrobats and wild beast tamers. I must add that he had no patriotism. On this subject we heaped contempt upon him, and I can still see the smile and shrug of the shoulders with which he answered us.

One of the most vivid memories of that time which remains with me is the memory of the fine summer day on which the news of the victory of Magenta became known in Paris. It was June—a splendid June, such as we seldom have in France. It was Sunday. Julien and I had planned the evening before to take a walk in the Champs Elysées. He was very uneasy about his brother, from whom he had had no letter, and I wanted to distract his thoughts. I called for him at one o'clock, and we strolled down towards the Seine at the idle pace of school-boys with no usher behind them.

Paris on a holiday in very hot weather is something that deserves

knowing. The black shadow of the houses cuts the white pavement sharply. Between the shuttered, drowsy house fronts is visible but a strip of sky of a hard blue. I do not know any place in the world where, when it is hot, it is hotter than in Paris; it is a furnace, suffocating, asphyxiating. Some corners of Paris are deserted, among others the quays, whence the loungers have fled to suburban copses. And yet, what a delightful walk it is, along the wide, quiet quays, with their row of little thick trees, and below, the magnificent rush of the river all alive with its moving populace of vessels.

Well, we had come to the Seine and were walking along the quays in the shadow of the trees. Slight sounds came up from the river whose waters quivered in the sun and were marked out as with lines of silver into large wavering patterns. There was something special in the holiday air of this fine Sunday. Paris was positively being filled already by the news of which everybody, and even the very houses, seemed expectant. The Italian campaign, which was, as everybody knows, so rapid, had opened with successes; but so far there had been no important battle and it was this battle which Paris had for two days been feeling. The great city held her breath and heard the distant cannon.

I have retained the memory of this impression very clearly. I had just confided to Julien the strange sensation which I felt, by saying to him that Paris "looked queer," when, as we came to the Quai Voltaire, we saw, afar off, in front of the printing-office of the *Moniteur*, a little knot of people, standing to read a notice. There were not more than seven or eight persons. From the pavement where we stood, we could see them gesticulating, laughing, calling out. We crossed the road quickly. The notice was a telegram, written, not printed; it announced the victory of Magenta, in four lines. The wafers which fixed it to the wall were not yet dry. Evidently we were the first to know in all this great Paris, that Sunday. People came running, and their enthusiasm was a sight to see. They fraternised at once, strangers shook hands with each other. A gentleman, with a ribbon at his button-hole, explained to a workman how the battle must have occurred; women were laughing with a pretty laughter and looking as if they were inclined to throw themselves into the arms of the bystanders. Little by little the crowd grew; passers-by were beckoned; coachmen stopped their vehicles and came down from their seats. When we came away there were more than a thousand people there.

After that it was a glorious day. In a few minutes the news had

spread to the whole town. We thought to bear it with us, but it outstripped us, for we could not turn a corner or pass along a street without at once understanding by the joy on every face that the thing was known. It floated in the sunshine ; it came on the wind. In half-an-hour the aspect of Paris was changed ; solemn expectancy had given place to an outburst of triumph. We sauntered for a couple of hours in the Champs Elysées among crowds who laughed for joy. The eyes of the women had a special tenderness. And the word "Magenta" was in every mouth.

But Julien was still very pale; he was much disturbed and I knew what was his secret terror, when he murmured :—

"They laugh to-day, but how many will be crying to-morrow ?"

He was thinking of his brother. I made jokes to try and reassure him, and told him that Louis was sure to come back a captain.

"If only he does come back," he answered, shaking his head.

As soon as night fell, Paris was illuminated. Venetian lanterns swung at all the windows. The poorest persons had lighted candles; I even saw some rooms whose tenants had merely pushed a table to the window and set their lamp on it. The night was exquisite, and all Paris was in the streets. There were people sitting all along upon the doorsteps as if they were waiting for a procession. Crowds were standing in the squares, the cafés and the wineshops were thronged, and the urchins were letting off crackers which scented the air with a fine smell of powder.

I repeat I never saw Paris so beautiful. That day, all joys were united, sunshine, a Sunday, and a victory. Afterwards, when Paris heard of the decisive battle of Solferino, there was not the same enthusiasm, even though it brought the immediate conclusion of the war. On the day when the troops made their entry, the demonstration was more solemn, but it lacked that spontaneous popular joy.

We got a two days' holiday after Magenta. We grew even more eager about the war, and were among those who thought that peace had been made too hastily. The school year was drawing to its end. The holidays were coming, bringing the feverish excitement of liberty ; and Italy, the army, and the victories, all disappeared in the general setting free of the prize distribution. I remember that I was to go and spend my holidays in the South that year. When I was just about to start, in the beginning of August, Julien begged me to stay till the 14th, the date fixed for the triumphal entry of the troops. He was full of joy. Louis was coming back with the rank of sergeant, and he wished me to be present at his brother's triumph. I promised to stay.

Great preparations were made for the reception of the army which had for some days been encamped in the immediate neighbourhood of Paris. It was to enter by the Place de la Bastille, to follow the line of the Boulevards, to go down the Rue de la Paix, and cross the Place Vendôme. The Boulevards were decorated with flags. On the Place Vendôme, immense stands had been erected for the members of the Government and their guests. The weather was splendid. When the troops came into sight along the Boulevards, vast applause burst forth. The crowd thronged on both sides of the pavement. Heads rose above heads at the windows. Women waved their handkerchiefs and threw down the flowers from their dresses to the soldiers. All the while the soldiers kept on passing with their regular step, in the midst of frantic hurrahs. The bands played; the colours fluttered in the sun. Several, which had been pierced by balls, received applause, and one in particular, which was in rags, and crowned. At the corner of the Rue du Temple an old woman flung herself headlong into the ranks and embraced a corporal, her son, no doubt. They came near to carrying that happy mother in triumph.

The official ceremony took place in the Place Vendôme. There, ladies in full dress, magistrates in their robes, and officials in uniform applauded with more gravity. In the evening, the Emperor gave a banquet to three hundred persons at the Louvre, in the Salle des Etats. As he was proposing a toast, which has remained historic, he exclaimed: "If France has done so much for a friendly people what would she not do for her own independence?" An imprudent speech which he must have regretted later. Julien and I had seen the march past from a window in the Boulevard Poissonière. He had been to the camp the night before and had told Louis where we should be. Thus when his regiment passed Louis lifted his head to greet us. He was much older, and his face was brown and thin. I could hardly recognise him. He looked like a man, compared with us who were still children, slender and pale like women. Julien followed him with his eyes as long as he could, and I heard him murmur, with tears in his eyes, while a nervous emotion shook him: "It is beautiful after all—it is beautiful."

In the evening I met them both again in a little café of the Quartier Latin. It was a small place at the end of an alley where we generally went, because we were alone there and could talk at our ease. When I arrived, Julien, with both elbows on the table, was already listening to Louis, who was telling him about Solferino. He said that no battle had

ever been less foreseen. The Austrians were thought to be in retreat and the allied armies were advancing when suddenly, about five in the morning, on the 24th, they had heard guns—it was the Austrians who had turned and were attacking us. Then a series of fights had begun, each division taking its turn. All day long, the different generals had fought separately, without having any clear idea of the total form of the struggle. Louis had taken part in a terrible hand-to-hand conflict in a cemetery, in the midst of graves ; and that was about all he had seen. He also spoke of the terrible storm which had broken out towards the evening. The heavens took part and the thunder silenced the guns. The Austrians had to give up the field in a veritable deluge. They had been firing on each other for sixteen hours and the night which followed was full of terrors, for the soldiers did not exactly know which way the victory had gone, and at every sound in the darkness they thought that the battle was beginning again.

During this tale Julien kept on looking at his brother. Perhaps he was not even listening, but was happy in merely having him before his eyes. I shall never forget the evening spent thus in that obscure and peaceful café, whence we heard the murmur of festival Paris, while Louis was leading us across the bloody fields of Solferino. When he had finished Julien said quietly :—

" Anyway, you are here and what does anything else matter ?"

ÉMILE ZOLA.

THE TELEPHONE AND THE POST OFFICE.

OF all the varied uses and appliances which electricity has given to us in the latter end of this nineteenth century there is probably no application which is destined to modify the conditions of life more completely than the invention of the telephone. This invention dates back only to the Philadelphia Exhibition, so far as the public notability is concerned. In America, a country where new inventions are rapidly appreciated, the telephone has had very considerable development. In Chicago there is an exchange of about eight thousand subscribers, and there are already several lines in daily use between Chicago and distant towns, as well as between New York and Boston, and many other places in the United States, along which conversation is carried on all day. In England the only line of importance we possess which has been laid in a proper manner is the Paris-London line. I have stood in front of the little telephone at St. Martin's-le-Grand and spoken to the operator in the Rue de Grenelle, and his voice was so clear that it seemed as if he were in the same room with me, and I could even hear the sound of his watch ticking on the transmitter board when he placed it there for me to hear. In France the line between Paris and Marseilles works with perfect distinctness, so also does the line between Paris and Brussels.

Now we want to produce as good a result all over England as is attained on the Paris-London line, so that seated as I am at my own writing-table I have only to reach over to the telephone standing on its little pedestal, take the telephone off its hook, call to the girl who is there at the exchange, and tell her to peg me through to my friend Mr. —— at his house in Manchester, who is probably at this moment just about to sit down to dinner, and I can hold conversation with him as easily and simply as if he and I were talking together in the same room. There is no difficulty whatever in accomplishing this result all over England. The limit of audible speech on the telephone

is determined by what electricians call the K R of the line, K being the conventional algebraic symbol for the capacity of a conductor to receive a charge of electricity, and R that of the resistance offered by the conductor to the passage of the current resulting from the charge. These two factors depend principally on the metal (which should always be copper) and the character and thickness of the insulating medium (air is the best) employed, together with the distance of the conductor from the ground. The value of the terms being known, their multiplication together yields a product proportional to the distance over which speech can be carried on. It would be quite possible to design a line to talk three thousand miles or more, but its great cost would preclude the possibility of its becoming a commercial success. A thousand miles has actually been spoken over, and lines six hundred miles long are both technically and commercially practicable. It will thus be seen there is no difficulty whatever in conversing from your own writing-table all over the United Kingdom. This is a fact which few people have the smallest idea of. The next ten years will see this revolution quietly accomplished. During the ten years of the existence of the monopoly of the telephone patents the business of the telephone in this country has been in the hands of one company, who, for various reasons, have not developed the industry. It is still a single-wire system, and the exchanges are of the most antiquated form, so that no one who is not absolutely compelled to do so would allow himself to have such an intolerable nuisance as the telephone in his house, as it would spoil the finest temper to have to submit to its disappointments and delays. I am not finding fault with the National Company. It should be remembered that they have had to work their way from early beginnings, when the principles of the business were little understood. They have had also to contend for a long time with considerable opposition from the Post Office, and, in fact, from every public department. The Government of this country some years ago purchased the telegraph industry from the different companies at what has proved to be an exorbitant price. Enormous sums of money have been spent by the Government in the establishment of further communications and the purchase of most elaborate and expensive instruments in the shape of Wheatstone's automatic, Delaney's multiplex, Hughes' type-writers, duplex and quadruplex apparatus, pneumatic tube arrangements, and every other sort of device for the purpose of developing the telegraph. The Post Office was very justly alarmed that all this expenditure might be wasted if

the telephone came into popular use. When you can play a game of chess between Birmingham and London by telephone; when you can hear the Paris Opera in your own sitting-room in London; when you can telephone Lord Salisbury's or Mr. Gladstone's speech as it is being delivered from the hall itself into the very office of the printing establishment of the Central News; when you require neither short-hand writers, nor type-punchers, nor any of the complicated tackle of the telegraph in order to transmit audible speech all over these isles by the use of a twin-wire and a little instrument no bigger than your hand, it is not wonderful that the Post Office should view with alarm an invention of this order, yet it is an absolute fact, and the Government, through the public department of this country, have stealthily and persistently endeavoured to blind the public to the possibilities of this marvellous invention.* On the other hand, on the Continent the Governments themselves have taken up the telephone, and the development which is going on in France, Switzerland, and Germany, and other countries, to say nothing of Sweden, is something startling. America, the home of modern invention, has largely developed the industry, but in England, under the paternal system of the parish beadle, the public have been forbidden by their public departments to inquire into the possibilities of this invention. Like the Romish Church, which discourages private inquiry into the sources of religious inspiration, the English Post Office have so far done everything in their power to prevent the public finding out what the capabilities of the telephone really are. It has been estimated by the Post Office that it would cost four millions of money to properly telephone England. The Treasury of the Government of the day are unwilling to go to Parliament to ask for this sum; besides, the Post Office is already so large a department, and is so hampered with its telegraph and parcel-post business, that it certainly could not under-

*Latest Available Statistics.

	No. of Exchange Subscribers.	No. of Conversations during 1891.
United States	490,000	450 millions.
Germany	59,086	223 ,,
Sweden	19,367	21 ,,
Switzerland	10,945	5½ ,,
Belgium	6,045	12 ,,
Italy	10,481	16¾ ,,
France	Not published	Not published.
Great Britain and Ireland (estimated)	40,000	75 millions.

take the distribution of this commodity. Moreover, the late Mr. Fawcett gave various licences to certain parties to establish this industry, and it would be impossible for the Government to purchase these undertakings, for the reason that the valuation clause in these licences is of such a character that it is impossible to say what they might have to pay. No doubt the Government are not precluded by these licences from taking the telephone into their own hands. On the other hand, they would be in competition with their own licensed rivals. The proper solution of the telephone question in England is probably as follows. The Government should at once undertake to lay all the necessary main lines through England, establishing either one or more central inter-town exchanges, say, at Manchester and Glasgow, and converging these lines upon London. The distribution in towns could then be done more effectively by the present existing licensees if those licensees established a twin-wire system. Any subscriber, then, of the London system could therefore speak through the Government lines to any subscriber on the Manchester or Glasgow system in his own private residence, which is the whole point of the telephone. If I have to go to St. Martin's-le-Grand or a public telephone office, and make an appointment by telegraph the day before to a friend in Manchester or Paris to be at the General Post Office or a public telephone place on the following day at a certain hour, the whole thing is a nuisance. I wish to be able to speak to my friend from my bedroom when I am dressing in the morning, and I know that he will not be gone out, as I know his habits, and there is no earthly reason why I should not do this except for the obstructive policy of the Government.

I am prepared to produce the plan by which I will show that it is perfectly practicable to work a system of over fifty thousand subscribers in London alone, and I am prepared to state as an absolute fact that with proper facilities of the most ordinary and simple character for the purpose of laying a few tubes underneath the pavement, I will in the course of three years have over twenty-five thousand subscribers speaking in London alone on a twin-wire metallic circuit. This is not the place for me to describe the electrical details I would adopt; I will simply point to the results I will produce. You come down in the morning, and go to your office or breakfast-table and find a pile of letters; you find you have some half dozen you would like to answer right off; you have perhaps three or four cab journeys besides to make, in order to see persons you have appointments with. If I can give you a telephone

standing on your table while you are writing your morning letters, so that you can call up these various persons you want to see or send notes to one after the other rapidly, you will do half your day's work in a quarter of an hour. Conceive the amount of time a man of business wastes in writing letters, sending telegrams, and running about in cabs. It is not exaggeration to say that you might cut this all down by one-half. An able Patent Counsel with whom I have the pleasure to be acquainted, and who is in very active business indeed, told me the other day that, bad as the present system was, he considered it was worth £1,200 a year to him to have the telephone in his chambers, and this statement was made by a gentleman who understands the electrical question from A to Z, and thoroughly appreciates the possible development of this invention, about which, as I have said, the public is as yet absolutely and totally in the dark. Putting aside business and considering only pleasure, conceive the development for social purposes of a telephone system that is extended all over residential London. There is a little exchange board placed in the basement of your house; your telephone stands on your writing-table; there is another in your wife's sitting-room; a third is by your bedside, and so on. A friend wishes to speak to you; the servant comes upstairs and informs you of this, as if they had called on you. You tell them to connect you, and, without disturbing yourself from your occupation, you have a few minutes' conversation at your writing-table with this person, and go on with your work as usual. You make your dinner parties on the spur of the moment. You can cover the whole area of your social acquaintances in five minutes, and if you choose a proper hour, you know you will find them all at home. There is none of the nuisance of notes to be answered, messenger boys and delays, people not at home, and the hundred and one difficulties of being able to communicate with one another in so large a residential town as London.

All the electrical difficulties connected with rapid communication have been solved, and no difficulty whatever presents itself in establishing such a system as I describe except the obstruction of the Post Office. To have a telephone always in your room, with anybody at liberty to ring you up, would be almost as great a curse as anything one can conceive if one is a busy person. Your main telephone should therefore always be in the clerk's office or in your basement, and you should only be pegged through to the exchange according as you desire, hence you are never irritated by the ringing of your bell when you are otherwise occupied,

and the telephone, therefore, becomes no greater a nuisance to you than your door knocker or your hall bell which somebody else looks after for you. The enormous convenience of five minutes' clear conversation with anybody you want is a boon of which few people realise the practicability, on the top of which you might converse with your friends on the river at Maidenhead or Windsor, your business house in Birmingham, your broker in the City, your Bond Street tradesman, your intimate friend in the West End, your dressmaker in Paris, and, in fact, anybody or everybody who is willing to pay some £12 or £14 a year in London, and some £8 in country towns, while the Government would take its charge for each conversation along the inter-town wires.

While it is perfectly feasible, no doubt, for the Government of this country to take into its own hand the entire telephone business, a division of this industry between the Government and its licensees would probably enable the public to have the cheapest and most efficient system. The telephone must always be the luxury of the minority, however, for business or pleasure, and as everybody cannot, or would not, be able to afford the rent of a telephone, it is not the business of a public department to supply a luxury to which the whole body of the taxpayers contribute, even though this industry may be worked at a profit. The argument that would apply to the delivery of letters or the supply of water to a large town is not the same when it comes to be a question of the telephone; moreover, it would be impossible for the Government to satisfy all the complaints of telephone subscribers and attend to all their wants in the same way that a private company would be compelled to do in order to keep together its company. On the Continent, where a system of bureaucratic administration prevails—a system which is extremely antipathetic to us English people—it is all very well for the Government to undertake the business. The proper line of division as between the Government and private companies would seem to be in the question of what is called the inter-town service. Now, under the licences which the Government have already given, it is free to any licensee to obtain way leaves from public bodies, such as County Councils, and so on, and run long lines of inter-town communication. The National Company have laid several such inter-town connections, though none of them of the same efficient character as the Paris-London line, which has lately been laid by the English Government. The Government, having the use of the railways and possessing special powers under their Telegraph

Acts, can lay wires practically anywhere they please, and for a really very small expenditure an inter-town system could be established by the Government as between all the large towns of England and the Metropolis by connections through from the various General Post Offices. The telephone service of each town should be conducted, as I have said before, by a private company, and the Government would take the charges from the Telephone Company for the use of the inter-town lines, as is now done between London and Paris. If the Government also caused all Post Offices to be connected with the Telephone Exchange every subscriber to the telephone could send messages to the Post Offices either for sending by telegraph or for being taken down by a typewriter for local delivery; and again where country villages and small market towns were concerned, if there were a telephone wire at the butcher's, baker's, or tobacconist's, which anyone could use by paying a small fee, numberless journeys might be saved to the county town for farmers and others who wish to deliver their orders at the commercial centre of their district. The industrial convenience of a few minutes' conversation with the person from whom you wish to order your goods is so incomparably greater than the writing of a telegram and the waiting of a reply, that the Government receipts which might fall off on the telegraph would be recouped by the telephone in inter-town service. As the Government possess telegraph poles in all directions it is the easiest thing in the world to remove iron wires from a portion of these poles (iron wires being ill-suited to telephone work) and replace them with copper ones which can be crossed in an approved manner so as to prevent induction for long distance speaking. The whole machinery of inter-communication is really existing and it is nothing but the short-sightedness of our public departments which insists upon clinging on to its antiquated Morse transmitters and other telegraph paraphernalia even in the Metropolis, exactly as fifty years ago, I daresay, many of the then departments would have liked to have kept out Wheatstone's telegraph and retained the old antiquated semaphores. The inkling which the public have, and it is really only an inkling, of the possible use which the telephone might be to the public is the accounts which are published in the Press of the development of the telephone in such out of the way little countries even as Sweden and Norway, while in Paris and Berlin the Governments are taking the matter up with considerable determination and are offering a system of very considerable efficiency extending over wide areas. How long

it will be before the public compel the departments to remove their embargo on the development of the telephone it is impossible to say. This matter like hundreds of others will come before Parliament this year in the shape of two different Bills promoted by private companies for the purpose of obtaining some sort of facility for the conduct of their business. Both these Bills will be strongly and strenuously opposed by the Government of the day on one pretext or another. Parliament will be too apathetic or too busy to pay much attention to private measures, and so the matter will go on year after year while the public is inefficiently served with the present wretched Metropolitan system, while the communication between London and the provinces is to all intents and purposes practically impossible for the general subscriber; meanwhile the sky is becoming darkened day after day more and more with hundreds and thousands of wires and cables hung in every direction across public thoroughfares, while roof tops are being sought for and rented by a slate-breaking crowd of line-men whose business it is to swing these unsightly monstrosities for the Telephone Companies by hook or by crook, by your leave or without your leave, from standard to standard over the roofs of the Metropolis. An innocuous measure entitled the Overhead Wires County Councils Act was passed last year, but if the London County Council flatter themselves that this or any other Act will enable them to deal with the overhead wire question so long as the Government steadily oppose all underground powers, they will find themselves greatly disappointed. Confusion worse confounded with all its attendant dangers in case of fires is growing every day, with the inevitable consequence that the shareholders' money thus expended must one of these days be wasted by the whole system being condemned and the whole work of telephoning the Metropolis having again to be done from end to end by establishing a practically underground system. There was a famous decision in the Law Courts which governs the whole of the overhead wire business in the Metropolis. It is called the "Wandsworth" case, and was brought about by a suit instituted by the Wandsworth Vestry against the then United Telephone Company for swinging wires across the main thoroughfares. The beauties of the English law and the intricacies of Acts of Parliament revealed the fact that while the Post Office is governed in its actions by the Telegraph Acts and is unable to swing wires across public thoroughfares without the permission of the local authority, any member of the public, and therefore any telephone licensee of the Post Office, can swing wires over public thoroughfares

or in any direction he chooses, provided he purchases the right of way leave from the private owners over whose houses or lands he carries his wires, there being no right to the public in the space above the public thoroughfares more than thirty feet from the ground. Now this decision of the Law Courts is of over ten years' standing, and even yet nothing has been done to clear up the overhead wire question in the interests of the public. The electric light cables were got rid of by the provisional orders which were granted under the Electric Lighting Acts, which compelled all electric light companies to take down all their overhead wires and place them underground within a certain time. This has been done and the whole of the Metropolis is cleared overhead from electric light wires; the system which remains, and is darkening the air at the present moment, is composed nearly entirely of telephone connections. There was no reason why public departments or the Government of the day should oppose the development of the electric light industry, as the Government of this country had no money invested in gas shares; we may be quite certain that if they had, and if the gas industry had been a branch, say, of the Board of Works, the Electric Lighting Acts would never have been passed, and we should have been condemned to years of gas long after every other Continental nation had gone in for the electric light. Unfortunately, in the matter of the telephone the Government had purchased the telegraphs, and while, as I say, the public have been carefully kept in the dark as to the possibilities of the telephone industry as a convenience to modern life, the Government continue to place obstructions in the way of creating an efficient service even in the Metropolis. The companies who held the monopolies of the patents have used their power with little discretion; they have charged the public an extortionate price; they have not adopted modern improvements, while they have added very largely to their capital account by an unjustifiable measure of inflation, which anyone who cares to look into the figures of their balance-sheets can discover for themselves. The time has, however, now come when all these abuses are capable of solution. All the patents of any important value came to an end last year, and there are companies holding licences from the Postmaster-General capable of giving the public an efficient service which might be extended to the whole of England if the Government would undertake the laying of the inter-town wires of communication on a systematic and extended scale. I am confident that a £12 rate for London and an £8 rate for the

country might be made to earn a very handsome dividend even with the greater expense required for a twin-wire system. No overhead plan of communication would be possible. I believe I am right in saying there are not more than six thousand subscribers to the present telephone system in London, and anyone can see, therefore, for himself what the doubling or the trebling of the present overhead system would look like if carried out. In Paris, where the municipal sewers connect everywhere with the houses, the Government carry the telephone wires into every house under ground. In Berlin the system is a single wire and overhead, and therefore bad. In London what we require is to connect fifty subscribers to one pole by gathering them together from different directions. From this pole the different pairs of wire are connected to a cable of fifty twin-wires. These cables are now made to great perfection and are covered with lead sheathing. They are not more than an inch to an inch and a-half in diameter, and can be easily drawn into a tube under the pavement and carried to the nearest telephone exchange. As each block of buildings would have its pole the connecting wires would hang entirely over the roofs, so that the whole of the over-street wires of London could be got rid of, and, as I say, a system laid out for fifty thousand subscribers within the metropolitan area. The facility of taking on subscribers under this plan would be enormous, and the expense would be far less than under the Paris system, though it would be nearly double the cost of a single-wire overhead plan. A telephone company could, however, afford this with the knowledge that we now have of the electrical part of the business. I will not here, for various reasons, give the details on which such a plan of telephoning London should be worked, but I will undertake that with twenty thousand or thirty thousand subscribers, situated over all London, that you shall be able to be put into communication with any twelve of them, one after the other, within the space of three minutes, and that the speech shall be absolutely distinct without the smallest noise or sound of any sort; also that the voice shall be as loud as if the person were speaking to you in the same room as you are sitting in.

I have purposely avoided in this article going into any of the electrical questions upon which the telephone depends. It was suggested the other day at an able lecture I heard at the Royal Institution, by Mr. Tesla, that we shall before long be able to talk by telephone across the Atlantic. It is not necessary for us to look forward so far ahead. England is a small country, and this invention

as it stands to-day is perfect enough to cover the whole country with audible speech. How long it will be before the Government of this country and our public departments allow us to enjoy this benefit depends upon the interest which the public take in the matter, and the attitude of the House of Commons. So long as Parliament is apathetic, public departments will persistently obstruct until the public wakes up to realise the enormous changes which this small instrument is calculated to play in the future history of civilisation, both for purposes of war and peace. The improvements which have been made in the instrument itself have been very considerable. The invention of the microphone, which depends upon a loose but variable contact between two bits of carbon, is the basis of every modern transmitter. Numberless devices, each ingenious in their way, ring the changes on this plan of varying the strength of a small current of electricity, by altering the resistance of the point of contact between the bits of carbon at the point where the waves of air strike on the diaphragm. These waves of air, as formed in speech, are very distinct. The wax cylinder of the phonograph shows them to you in a tangible form. They are a succession of short and long waves scratched by a stylus on the wax surface of the cylinder, and in the phonograph this wavy surface is used for the purpose of acting on a small, blunt-headed stylus, and transmitting vibrations of same amplitudes to a little diaphragm of glass Everyone has heard the phonograph, and it is nothing more than a machine, which, by means of a wax cylinder scratched by the waves of sound from the human voice, reproduces mechanically the same sounds, and makes them audible to a whole room. In the telephone the electric current takes the place of the wax cylinder, and the voice speaking into the transmitter at the one end produces those same waves, only of a temporary instead of a permanent form, and they are transmitted even to the distance of six hundred miles, where they appear in the receiver, which is placed to the ear of the person you are speaking to. This receiver is only a magnet wound round and round with many coils of fine wire, in order that the electrical impressions shall be fortified in their action on the magnet. In front of the pole of the magnet is a little iron diaphragm, or, as we say, the keeper of the magnet. The electrical waves, as they flow round the magnet, cause alterations in the magnetism of the magnet itself, and the little metal diaphragm, or keeper, vibrates back the identical waves, even with their peculiarities of intonation, which differentiate the human voice among different people,

exactly in the same way as the wax cylinder of the phonograph gives back with equal distinctness the peculiarities of speech of each separate individual. What an advance this is, if we may say so, in telegraphy, and I suppose we may say so, for a court of justice in this country held the telephone to be a telegraph, and decided that the telephone patents came under the head of the inventions which were purchased by the Government under the Telegraph Act. A very fortunate decision this was for the Post Office, and in some ways a very unfortunate one for the public; for, though the public were protected in the purchase they made, they are being saddled to-day with the consequences of that purchase by being deprived of the use of the latest invention. It is true that the judges decided this case against all expert evidence, and if some independent individual chose to take the matter to a Court of Appeal it is quite possible that the judges, who have now had more than ten years to study their electrical text books, would probably decide the case in the opposite manner. So far as the public are concerned, however, we have little interest in this legal question; all that we have to observe is that while the telephone by means of the most simple apparatus gives you completely audible speech to distances up to six hundred miles, the telegraph requires an enormous expenditure on the most expensive instruments, numbers of skilled operators, and again is open to the objection that the longest written communication possible, with all the amplitude of detail it is possible to give, is not to be compared in usefulness with three minutes' *vivâ voce* conversation between yourself and a person living six hundred miles away. If any one shall have taken the trouble to read this article so far, and has any wish to know what the telephone really is, let him out of curiosity one day go and spend eight shillings for a conversation of three minutes over the telephone with a friend in Paris, and he will come back from his experiment impressed with the fact that I have not stated the case half strongly enough in favour of the marvellous importance of this invention for the purposes of business and also for the pursuit of pleasure.

MARLBOROUGH.

OUR NEW REPRESENTATIVE IN PARIS.

THE MARQUIS OF DUFFERIN AND AVA.

NO man is indispensable; to the discredit would it be of our day were it otherwise; but some there are who appear to be especially adapted by nature to fill any office which may chance to be vacant at any given moment, and there have been few dissentient voices when, during the last twenty years, the posts of Governor-General of Canada, Viceroy of India, Ambassador to St. Petersburg, Constantinople, Rome, and finally to Paris, have been in turn placed at the disposal of the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava.

Under some conditions our new representative in the Faubourg St. Honoré has done well, under others, very well, and under none has he caused the Government of the time to experience regret that some other candidate for the responsibilities laid upon him had not been selected.

"Perhaps," says the Marquis of Lansdowne, who claims to pass upon Lord Dufferin judgment more unprejudiced than that of others, having twice succeeded him in important posts, and thus been enabled to ascertain what was thought of his rule by those who were no longer "under the irresistible charm of his personal intercourse,"—"Perhaps the most noticeable feature in Lord Dufferin's career has been the unbroken continuity of his success. Most public men make mistakes, experience reverses, and find themselves for a time, rightly or wrongly, out of public favour; but the even course of my predecessor's advance seems never to have undergone a check."

It is said that when any Celt has to be dealt with by a member of any other nation, the latter has to do with a quantity unknown: that the only thing on which he can count for certain is the uncertain. Lord Dufferin is, however, in part a Celt, so he and that element of the race which is dominant in Gaul start fair.

On the side of his father, fourth Baron Dufferin, the Ambassador is of

Scotch descent, but on that of his brilliant and gifted mother he comes of an ancient Irish stock, which, after producing men eminent in scholarship and in intellectual power for several generations, touched its highest point in Mr. Richard Brinsley Sheridan. As in the case of his great-grandson, the orator who was accused of bringing "a very anathema of eloquence" to bear upon the great impeachment at Westminster Hall had a woman of high mental attainments for his mother, one of whose plays was performed at Covent Garden on the same night that a piece of her son's was brought out at Drury Lane. When only just of age, the dramatist of the future married Miss Linley, whose graceful form and lovely expressive features are familiar to all, so requently were they transferred in her day to the canvas of each of the great masters of art in turn. Their only son, who married the daughter of Colonel Callander, of Craigforth, became the father of Lady Dufferin, the Duchess of Somerset, and the Hon. Mrs. Norton, known in their generation as the Three Graces, on whose exceptional charm, beauty, and talent the writers of the time were never weary of insisting.

Helen, Lady Dufferin, popular with the French as with others, spent much time in Paris during the younger and quieter days of the Empire; and Lord Dufferin, who was fortunate in being his mother's constant companion in his youth, accompanied her there. He had thus the inestimable advantage of becoming acquainted, at an early age, and under the most favourable circumstances, with the nation among whom he is now to represent us. Napoleon III., who liked to gather leading members of the English nobility round him, also gave warm welcome to Lord Dufferin at Compiègne, whither, on a later visit, he was accompanied by his bride of eighteen. It is of interest to call to mind, at the present moment, that Sir Thomas Sheridan, second in descent from Dr. Dennis Sheridan, of literary celebrity in the seventeenth century, settled in Paris, forming part of the Court of the exiled James II. of England. He married there, and later followed Prince Charles Edward to Scotland in the disastrous expedition of '45.

Lord Dufferin first came before the public during his Oxford days, though his success was not in connection with the University, where he failed to secure any special academic distinction. He made use of the long vacation to inquire personally into the condition of the peasantry of the South of Ireland, then enduring the miseries of the great famine. He published an account of the tour under the title of *Narrative of a Journey from Oxford to Skibbereen.* This work, enjoying a length of

life vouchsafed to the utterances of few undergraduates, has been quoted and brought forward frequently during the last two score years. In his first public speech, made on his coming of age a few months later, Lord Dufferin presented himself to his tenants as one of those "who live in a peculiar atmosphere of their own, the daily conditions of whose life and the occasional conditions of whose death are totally dissimilar to those of other men . . . one of those who do not get any rent, who are the legitimate target of the immediate neighbourhood, the cause of bewilderment to coroners, and of vague verdicts to distracted juries namely, one of the improving landlords of Ireland."

The speech, being that of a mere boy, is perhaps lacking in the emphasis and breadth of thought which mark Lord Dufferin's later words, but we already see in its graver passages evidences of that high standard of duty, warmed by Irish impulse into metal more attractive than it often appears, which is one of the speaker's characteristics, together with that facile spontaneity which, having chained the attention of his listeners by some flight of buoyant humour, promptly seizes the occasion to impress on them the consideration of some weighty point to which, with the intellectual indolence so common a feature in our day, they might, unless caught unawares, have failed to give hearing. This power of speech, ripening and gaining force in the Dominion in the West, where he showed Canada, "a virgin goddess walking in unconscious beauty in a primeval world," to herself and to others, finally culminated in that brilliant series of addresses given in India, which have lately been published in volume form, and which will, perhaps, constitute Lord Dufferin's most enduring claim to fame.

In the Polar regions, too, his Excellency has encountered the French, and he gives humorous descriptions of the occasion when he deserted the *Foam*, the heroine of *Letters from High Latitudes*, in favour of *La Reine Hortense*, the corvette of Prince Jerome Buonaparte. With the latter Lord Dufferin celebrated the crossing of the Arctic Circle, and then, leaving his friends with much expressed regret, he sailed away, "with silver argosies on either hand," to the ice-girdled land of Jan Mayen. At this moment, when copyright is claiming her dues in tones so stentorian, an abbreviated extract from the preface to a Canadian edition of the Letters may be of interest:—

"The fiscal arrangements of the Continent of America," his Excellency writes, "enable its inhabitants to skim the cream from the literature of Europe, without troubling themselves with the irritating restrictions of its copyright.

Once, indeed, through the enterprise of a transatlantic editor, whose nationality shall be nameless, a mutilated issue of these Letters obtained an ephemeral publicity in a provincial serial, but, in spite of my spirited *impresario* having prefaced his piracy by the assertion that 'he had commissioned a British lord at a handsome salary to discover the North Pole, and to furnish his magazine with an account of his adventures,' the speculation must have proved a financial failure, as no percentage of his profits has hitherto reached my hands."

A spirit of romance and chivalry distinguishes many of the pages of this book, which introduces numerous legends and sagas of the North, some of which have been shaped into ballad form by the writer's hand. Other signs and marks of one instance of this same spirit are displayed in certain sprays of rose-leaf and rose, with spurs of curious workmanship in gold, which are to be seen strewn about his Excellency's board. These are the yearly tribute handed to him by the owners of Killyleagh, Lady Dufferin's maiden home, in exchange for sundry demesnes which, having been forfeited to the Lords of Clandeboye, were restored by the present representative of the house.

"It shall never be said that I kept any man from his own hall-door," said Lord Dufferin when, as a boy at Eton, he learnt how the lands lay, and that stretching away from his gates they swept right up to the walls of the fine old fortress of his friends, the Rowan-Hamiltons, reducing the owners to make their entry by a little postern gate under the shadow of what is known as John's Tower.

The Marchioness of Dufferin, who has been here introduced, is widely known as the pioneer of the movement for supplying medical aid to the women of India. There can be no more fitting comment on her work than the words of the late Viceroy, uttered at Belfast shortly after his return to England :—

"With regard to India," he said, "however humiliating the confession may be, I am bound to admit that if there is one thing more certain than another, it is that the memory of Lady Dufferin, and the beneficent results of her labours, will still live and flourish after the very fact of my ever having set foot in the peninsula will have been forgotten."

In 1860, Lord Dufferin was, for the first time, called on to conduct a mission in which his own authority was to be supreme. On home affairs he had long commanded a hearing. His work on *Irish Emigration and the Tenure of Land in Ireland* ranked high in that order of literature. His speeches in the House of Lords had been universally commended, more especially one on the Repeal of the Paper Duties, in

which he defined the powers of the Upper House on financial questions with a force and lucidity which attracted great attention at the time. He had accompanied Lord John Russell to Vienna on the mission of 1855, and had held various minor posts under Government, but had as yet had no opportunity of proving what his capabilities might be when called on to act independently.

He was now sent as British Commissioner to Syria, where he worked in close and amicable connection with the French representatives. The difficulty of his undertaking lay in the many conflicting interests—British, French, Russian, Ottoman, and local, among others—which were at stake. A scheme of partial autonomy had been established by the European Powers in the Lebanon, but the intrigues of the Porte, with the animosity of the hereditary blood-feuds between the Maronite Christians and the Druses, of whose strange practices and cult Mr. Laurence Oliphant told us so much during his last years, made the said scheme unworkable. Terrible atrocities, with reprisals yet more frightful, were committed; and the Turks, under pretence of satisfying public opinion in Europe, which, as in the later case of the Bulgarians, believed the outrages to be all on one side, were stringing up the wretched Arabs by hundreds, while the really culpable authorities were left free.

No greater compliment could have been paid to any young diplomatist by Lord Palmerston, then head of Her Majesty's Government, than by nominating him to the post of Commissioner at this crisis. In the Blue Book presented to Parliament at the time, and in Canon McColl's *Eastern Question: its Facts and Fallacies*, details of the work accomplished are to be found, with an account of the leading part Lord Dufferin took in drawing up the Constitution which has made the Lebanon the most flourishing and tranquil part of the Ottoman Empire, and which was frequently quoted as the pattern on which the Constitution of the liberated provinces of Bulgaria should be worked.

In Canada, where Lord Dufferin's existence is said to have been passed in a "very blaze of popularity," he was received with almost equal warmth by the French as by the English population. He made his courteous and kindly remarks to them, in public and in private alike, in their own tongue. He pointed out what the English-Canadian might learn from the French settler, as well as that which the French might learn from the English. He visited their hospitals, their colleges, and their convents—the cloistered halls of the latter being thrown open to him as inheritor of the ancient privileges of the Kings of France. He

remembered that we had fought shoulder to shoulder with them in the one great war of our Queen's reign, and he would not fail to call to mind that Sebastopol possessed a Malakoff as well as a Redan. Above all, he spoke with respect and veneration of their religion. Hardly could it be otherwise with one who had known Oxford in the days of Newman.

As our representative in the Dominion, Lord Dufferin is said to have shown "a very genius for constitutional government." An amusing instance of his own appreciation of this form of administration was shown at a moment when complications on the southern side of the great lakes were very pronounced, and he advised the Canadians to send him for safety nearer to the North Pole, as the temptation to the conflicting parties to cut the Gordian knot by seizing on the person of a British Governor-General and placing him in the Presidential Chair of the United States might be too great for them to withstand.

On one occasion Lord Dufferin has had the privilege of addressing representatives of the French people in our own country. Twenty years ago, when our whole nation was expressing for France such noble and heartfelt sympathy as we should ourselves hope to receive from her in time of trouble, be that trouble of what nature it might, certain members of the Comédie Française came over to England in order that they might, by giving a series of representations here, provide funds for the aged and infirm former members of the company still supported by it, and who, in default of such aid, would, in that time of national distress, have been subjected to absolute want. Over the banquet given in the company's honour, Lord Dufferin was asked to preside, and after a delicate and touching allusion to "ce jour d'adversité qui a surpris la France," he offered graceful tribute to the high excellence obtained by the French drama, and insisted on the supreme appreciation with which it meets among ourselves.

On the death of Lord Mayo there had been a question of asking Lord Dufferin to accept the Viceroyalty of India; ultimately he was selected in preference for Canada, as has been said, and he did not take up the direction of affairs in the East until half-a-dozen years ago. While there he made a point of visiting the Governor-General of French India. Again employing the native language of his colleague, he referred to the kindness he had received from the Frenchmen of the

day most distinguished in diplomacy, art, and literature, and concluded with a happy allusion to Dupleix and Bussy, and their capture from us of the city of Madras in the days before "England and France ceased to be rivals except in paths of peaceful progress." On a previous occasion, too, when military officers from Gaul attended the winter manœuvres, the Viceroyalty of Lord Dufferin being the first thus honoured, he greeted them as representatives of a nation "with most of whose distinguished statesmen he had the good fortune to be upon terms of intimacy."

Further allusion to the Ambassador as Viceroy, who, while in the East, had three of those wars which he calls the reproach and disgrace of diplomatists at once on his hands, would be misplaced here. Room may, however, be made for a characteristic reply when his staff, who had been discussing in his presence the old subject as to whether the keys of India lay in Balkh, in Merv, or in the sands of the Suez Canal, turned to their chief for his opinion :—

"I always thought the keys in question were in the pocket of the Master of the House," said Lord Dufferin, laying his hand on the receptacle at the side of his own coat, with a quiet smile.

While in Paris Lord Dufferin has to convince his friends that at heart the English like no nation and no tongue as much as the French. On their side, during the last half-century they have certainly come to like us better. They say it is the exceptions they like—we make the same remark of the Irish—but the exceptional Englishman for whom the Frenchman admits his predilection is usually the only one that Frenchman knows. Were they acquainted with us all we might all be exceptions. And it is as well that it should be so, for none can tell how soon we may be standing in trenches together with our neighbours as before. No Crimea, it may be surmised, could again occur, but there are many parts of the world in which an alliance between the two nations might become a desirable or an urgent necessity. Chinese difficulties are at this moment looming more gloomily on the horizon than is their wont, and should a fanatic outbreak impel or compel the Imperial Executive to call in Western aid, it is possible that a combined English and French army might at once be marshalled in reply.

Trifles will also be in Lord Dufferin's favour in Paris, and the pre-eminence such invariably attain will be allotted to them there. "I have no small talk and Peel has no manners," said the Duke of Wellington, when explaining the reason that he and the statesman of the Repeal

so frequently eluded success in certain directions. Both these qualifications are, however, possessed by the man whose social attributes, as Mr. Marion Crawford points out when introducing him to his readers under a transparent disguise in one of his recent works, are renowned over two worlds. Also in his favour is it that he is able on all occasions to interest and entertain, not reserving himself for stated times and seasons, as in the case of Mr. Bickerstaff, who, Mr. Steele promised his readers in *The Tatler*, "would, as all were now in town, be much wittier from the first of October next."

In private life Lord Dufferin is not a man of many words. Rather does he encourage others to talk, though leaving on their minds later the impression that he has been the spokesman. Certain points there are among the said trifles which should count in his favour in Paris as elsewhere. He has perceptions as well as opinions, and does not look at life from its intellectual side only: a common error in this our cultured day. He may not himself be emotional, but he knows that the emotional plays a dominant part in many natures: he may not himself be blinded by glamour, but he knows that those exist who see life only through a golden or an ink-black haze, emanating from their own inner mood; and he judges of men as individuals, and not in the aggregate, while with him instinctive feeling precedes criticism, though the former is followed closely and modified by the sterner verdict of the latter.

In Egypt also our representative has had to do with the French. That at the present moment he and the courteous nation who have so warmly volunteered to make him welcome might prefer to forget. Memory is the charm of life, oblivion only makes it possible, says one of the first of French modern writers; but there is among us no god to hand out draughts of Lethe now, and the records of later Egyptian history must stand. The new Ambassador has an intuitive facility not so much for avoiding as for handling difficult subjects aright. Therein will his immunity on this ground lie, and still more in an almost fastidious sense of justice by which he appears to be imbued. He may possibly consider that France had a great right to claim to be queen paramount on the banks of the Nile: if he maintain the right of Britain to be still greater, he may add that it is exclusively because he is an Englishman that he makes the assertion. Also Lord Dufferin is kindly: he will not only probably allow the French to think that he is sorry that both they and we cannot be sole masters of Egypt, but he will genuinely be so. He has given instances of similar feelings in various directions and on many occasions.

Such was it which prompted him to propose the restoration of the fortress of Gwalior to our great feudatory, the Maharaja of Scindia, thus preventing that splendid old man from going down to what for him would have been a dishonoured tomb; and such it was that made him remark, while blaming some act of his fellow countrymen, where discretion was lacking, in connection with the Pillars of Hercules, "Of course we can't give up the rock, but we ought to make the keeping of it as easy to them as possible."

With us the task of completing the re-organisation of Egypt must remain, but it might be pointed out that the universe has grown wider since the days of Philip of Macedon, and that there are other worlds than those bordering on the Red Sea, which, if not precisely maintaining an attitude of suspense pending the advent of a conqueror, are certainly in need of a capable European representative to assist them over the rugged ground which must be crossed before the avenues of civilisation can be attained. Northern Africa may yet see a revival of the dual control, not under those unnatural and impossible conditions which a mistaken and regrettable policy brought about to cause discord between two noble nations, but one where the sphere of each shall be so advised and defined that neither need encroach on the rights or the dignities of the other. The great Powers of Western Europe have, during the last few months, indirectly announced their intention of surveying, of colonising, and of civilising the great Dark Continent. Each has received her allotted task. England and France will, so far as one can see, be called on to share the responsibility of influencing the vast stretch of the northern coast. To the west of the valley of the Nile England has no inclination and little incentive to pass. This leaves to her sister-ally so wide an area to consider during future years that she may come to look with indifference on that narrow district which is alone beyond her control.

CONSTANCE EAGLESTONE.

EDWARD CRACROFT LEFROY.

I.

NOT long ago, a writer in *The Artist* quoted some lines of remarkable dignity and beauty by E. C. L. I felt that here was a poet unknown to me; for the verses had that peculiar quality which belongs alone to genuine inspiration. By the kindness of the editor of *The Artist* I obtained a copy of the book from which the extracts had been made. It is a thin volume, entitled *Echoes from Theocritus, and Other Sonnets.* By Edward Cracroft Lefroy. London: Elliot Stock, 1885. The first thirty sonnets are composed on themes suggested by the Syracusan idyllist. Of miscellaneous sonnets there are seventy. So, whether by accident or intention, the poet rests his fame upon a century of sonnets, by far the most important of these being the seventy which do not give their title to the book.

Together with this volume came the sad intelligence that Edward Lefroy died last summer after a tedious illness. In reply to inquiries, I learned, through the courtesy of his best and oldest friend, that he was educated at Blackheath Proprietary School and at Keble College, Oxford. In 1878 he took orders. His sonnets originally appeared in three small paper-covered pamphlets, severally entitled *Echoes from Theocritus, Cytisus and Galingale, Sketches and Studies.* They were published at Blackheath by H. Burnside, bookseller, between the years 1883 and 1884, and attracted comparatively little notice. In 1885 the same sonnets were collected under the title and description I have given above. Few of our well-known literary critics, with the exception of Mr. Andrew Lang and Mr. William Sharp, took notice of them and discerned their merit. Later on, Mr. Lefroy gave a volume of sermons to the public, and in 1885 he printed a very characteristic collection of *Addresses to Senior School Boys.* He was thirty-five years of age when he died.

Though Mr. Lefroy worked as a parish clergyman both at Truro and Lambeth with the late and the present Archbishops of Canterbury, he suffered from chronic physical weakness of a distressing nature. As early as the year 1882, he learned from the best medical authority that his heart was seriously affected, and that he could not expect length of life. The pains and wearinesses of illness he bore with what a critic, writing in the *Academy*, well described as "breezy healthfulness of thought and feeling." Combining in a singular measure Hellenic cheerfulness with Christian faith and patience, he was able to await death with a spiritual serenity sweeter than the steadfastness of Stoical endurance. In one of his diaries he wrote: "The world contains, even for an invalid like me, a multitude of beautiful and inspiring things . . . I have always tried to live a broad life. It has been my pleasure to sympathise with all sorts and conditions of men in their labours and their recreations. Art, nature, and youth have yielded to me 'the harvest of a quiet eye.' It would be affectation to pretend that I am weary of existence . . . but I have faith enough in my Lord to follow Him willingly where He has gone before." His sympathy with youthful strength and beauty, his keen interest in boyish games and the athletic sports of young men, seem to have kept his nature always fresh and wholesome. These qualities were connected in a remarkable way with Hellenic instincts and an almost pagan delight in nature. But Lefroy's temperament assimilated from the Christian and the Greek ideals only what is really admirable in both: discarding the asceticism of the one and the sensuousness of the other. The twofold elements in him were kindly mixed and blended in a rare beauty and purity of manliness. Writing to a friend about his Theocritean sonnets, he says that he composed them in order to relax his mind. "To a man occupied in sermon-writing and parochial visitation it is intellectual change of air to go back in thought to a pre-Christian age: and I confess that I have never been able to emancipate myself (as most clergymen do) from the classical bonds which schoolmasters and college tutors for so many years did their best to weave around me. And then I have such an intense sympathy with the joys and griefs, hopes and fears, passions and actions of 'the young life' that I find myself in closer affinity to Greek feeling than most people would. At the same time I should be sorry to help on that Hellenic revival which some Oxford teachers desire."

II.

These extracts from Lefroy's unpublished papers, and the short sketch I have been able to give of his life, form a proper prelude to what will follow in criticism and illustration of his poems. There is a strong personal accent in all he wrote; the "breezy healthfulness of thought and feeling" which his reviewer noted; the untainted Hellenism broadening and clarifying Christian virtues, which I have attempted to describe.

This attitude of mind is sufficiently well set forth in the last sonnet of the series. It is entitled "An Apology," and may here be cited, although in form and language it falls below the level of Lefroy's best writing:—

I hold not lightly by this world of sense,
So full it is of things that make me cheer.
I deem that mortal blind of soul and dense,
To whom created joys are less than dear.
The heaven we hope for is not brought more near
By spurning drops of love that filter thence:
In Nature's prism some purple beams appear,
Of unrevealèd light the effluence.
Then count me not, O yearning hearts, to blame
Because at Beauty's call mine eyes respond,
Nor soon convict me of ignoble aim,
Who in the schools of Life am frankly fond;
For out of earth's delightful things we frame
Our only visions of the world beyond.

Some of Lefroy's finest work is done in the key suggested by this sonnet. He felt that life itself is more than literature: the real poems are not what we sing, but what we feel and see. This thought, which is indeed the base-note of all Walt Whitman's theories upon Art, is admirably rendered in "From Any Poet" (No. xxxvii.):—

Oh, Fair and Young, we singers only lift
A mirror to your beauty dimly true,
And what you gave us, that we give to you,
And in returning minimise the gift.
We trifle like an artist brought to view
The nuggets gleaming in a golden drift,
Who, while the busy miners sift and sift,
Will take his idle brush and paint a few.
O Young and Glad, O Shapely, Fair, and Strong,
Yours is the soul of verse to make, not mar!

In you is loveliness: to you belong
Glory and grace: we sing but what you *are*.
Pleasant the song perchance; but oh, how far
The beauty sung of doth excel the song.

Feeling this, Lefroy felt, like Alfred de Musset, that the poet's true applause is praise bestowed upon him by the young:—

O hearts of youth, so brightly, frankly true,
To gods and bards alike your praise is dear;
Though wreaths from adult hands be all unseized,
Our crowns are crowns indeed if thrown by you.

These lines, from a sonnet entitled "A Story of Aurelius" (No xxxviii.), suffer by their severance from the rest of the poem. It may be said, indeed, in passing, that, spontaneous and unstudied as his work appears, Lefroy had a fine sense of unity. None of his pieces, to my mind, can be rightly estimated, except in their total effect. I will illustrate this by quoting at full "Bill: A Portrait" (No. xxxvi.):—

I know a lad with sun-illumined eyes,
Whose constant heaven is fleckless of a cloud;
He treads the earth with heavy steps and proud,
As if the gods had given him for a prize
Its beauty and its strength. What money buys
Is his; and his the reverence unavowed
Of toiling men for men who never bowed
Their backs to any burden anywise.
And if you talk of pain, of doubt, of ill,
He smiles and shakes his head, as who should say,
"The thing is black, or white, or what you will:
Let Folly rule, or Wisdom: any way
I am the dog for whom this merry day
Was made, and I enjoy it." That is Bill.

The grace of this composition is almost rustic, the music like to that of some old ditty piped by shepherds in the shade. The subrisive irony, the touch of humour, the quiet sympathy with nature's and fortune's gilded darling, give it a peculiar raciness. But after all is said, it leaves a melody afloat upon the brain, a savour on the mental palate. Only lines four and five seem to interrupt the rhythm by sibilants and a certain poverty of phrase—as though (which was perhaps the case) two separate compositions had been patched together.

A companion portrait, this time of a maiden, may be placed beside it—"Flora" (No. xxxv.):—

Some faces scarce are born of earth, they say;
Thine is not one of them, and yet 'tis fair;
Showing the buds of hope in soft array,
Which presently will burst and blossom there;
Now small as bells that Alpine meadows bear,—
Too low for any boisterous wind to sway.
Why should we think it shame for youth to wear
A beauty portioned from the natural day?
'Tis thine to teach us what dull hearts forget,
How near of kin we are to springing flowers.
The sap from nature's stem is in us yet;
Young life is conscious of uncancelled powers.
And happy they who, ere youth's sun has set,
Enjoy the golden unreturning hours.

In all these sonnets there are charming single lines:—

How near of kin we are to springing flowers.

Of children, in another place, he says:—

To you the glory and to us the debt.

And again, in yet another sonnet:—

We press and strive and toil from morn till eve;
From eve to morn our waking thoughts are grim.
Were children silent, we should half believe
That joy were dead—its lamp would burn so dim.

This special sympathy with what he called "the young life" finds noble expression in four sonnets dedicated to the sports of boyhood. Here is "A Football Player" (No. xxvii.):—

If I could paint you, friend, as you stand there,
Guard of the goal, defensive, open-eyed,
Watching the tortured bladder slide and glide
Under the twinkling feet; arms bare, head bare,
The breeze a-tremble through crow-tufts of hair;
Red-brown in face, and ruddier having spied
A wily foeman breaking from the side;
Aware of him,—of all else unaware:
If I could limn you, as you leap and fling
Your weight against his passage, like a wall;

Clutch him, and collar him, and rudely cling
For one brief moment till he falls—you fall :
My sketch would have what Art can never give—
Sinew and breath and body ; it would live.

The "Cricket-Bowler" follows (No. xxviii.) :—

Two minutes' rest till the next man goes in !
The tired arms lie with every sinew slack
On the mown grass. Unbent the supple back,
And elbows apt to make the leather spin
Up the slow bat and round the unwary shin,—
In knavish hands a most unkindly knack ;
But no guile shelters under this boy's black
Crisp hair, frank eyes, and honest English skin.
Two minutes only. Conscious of a name,
The new man plants his weapon with profound
Long-practised skill that no mere trick may scare.
Not loth, the rested lad resumes the game :
The flung ball takes one madding tortuous bound,
And the mid-stump three somersaults in air.

The third, not so perfect in execution, celebrates the runner's noble strife. It is called "Before the Race" (No. xxix.) :—

The impatient starter waxeth saturnine.
"Is the bell cracked?" he cries. They make it sound :
And six tall lads break through the standers-round.
I watch with Mary while they form in line ;
White jerseyed all, but each with some small sign,
A broidered badge or shield with painted ground,
And one with crimson kerchief sash-wise bound ;
I think we know that token, neighbour mine.
Willie, they call you best of nimble wights ;
Yet brutal Fate shall whelm in slippery ways
Two soles at least. Will it be you she spites?
Ah well! 'Tis not so much to win the bays.
Uncrowned or crowned, the struggle still delights ;
It is the effort, not the palm we praise.

Very finely conceived and splendidly expressed is the fourth of these athletic sonnets, which connects æsthetic impressions with underlying moral ideas. "A Palæstral Study" (No. xxxi.) :—

The curves of beauty are not softly wrought :
These quivering limbs by strong hid muscles held
In attitudes of wonder, and compelled
Through shapes more sinuous than a sculptor's thought,

Tell of dull matter splendidly distraught,
Whisper of mutinies divinely quelled,—
Weak indolence of flesh, that long rebelled,
The spirit's domination bravely taught.
And all man's loveliest works are cut with pain.
Beneath the perfect art we know the strain,
Intense, defined, how deep soe'er it lies.
From each high masterpiece our souls refrain,
Not tired of gazing, but with stretchèd eyes
Made hot by radiant flames of sacrifice.

I think it will be felt, from these examples, that in Lefroy's now almost forgotten work a true poet drew authentic inspiration from the beautiful things which lie nearest to the artist's vision in the life of frank and simple human beings. His sonnets rank high in that region of Art which I have elsewhere called "democratic." The sensibility to subjects of this sort may be frequent among us; but the power of seizing on their essence, the faculty for lifting them into the æsthetic region without marring their wilding charm, are rare. For this reason, because just here seems to lie his originality, I have dwelt upon this group of poems. Their Neo-Hellenism is so pure and modern, their feeling for physical beauty and strength is so devoid of sensuality, their tone is so right and yet so warmly sympathetic, that many readers will be grateful to a singer, distinguished by rare personal originality, who touched common and even carnal things with such distinction. I might enforce this argument by quoting "The New Cricket Ground," "Childhood and Youth," "In the Cloisters: Winchester College." But, as the Greeks said, the half is more than the whole.

III.

The thirty "Echoes from Theocritus" are all penetrated with that purged Hellenic sentiment which was the note of Lefroy's genius. They are exquisite cameos in miniature carved upon fragments broken from the idylls; nor do I disagree with a critic who said, when they first appeared, that "rarely has the great pastoral poet been so freely transmuted without loss of his spell." Nevertheless, these sonnets have not the same personal interest, nor, in my opinion, the same artistic importance, as others in which the poet's fancy dealt more at large with themes

suggested to him by his study of the Greek past. Take this, for instance: "Something Lost" (No. xviii.):—

> How changed is Nature from the Time antique!
> The world we see to-day is dumb and cold;
> It has no word for us. Not thus of old
> It won heart-worship from the enamoured Greek.
> Through all fair forms he heard the Beauty speak;
> To him glad tidings of the Unknown were told
> By babbling runlets, or sublimely rolled
> In thunder from the cloud-enveloped peak.
> He caught a message at the oak's great girth,
> While prisoned Hamadryads weirdly sang:
> He stood where Delphi's Voice had chasm-birth,
> And o'er strange vapour watched the Sibyl hang;
> Or where, 'mid throbbing of the tremulous earth,
> The caldrons of Dodona pulsed and rang.

Here we feel that Lefroy (like Wordsworth when he yearned for Triton rising in authentic vision from the sea) had his soul lodged in Hellas. Of how many English poets may not this be said? "Come back, ye wandering Muses, come back home!" Landor was right. The home of the imagination of the artist is in Greece. Gray, Keats, Shelley, even Byron, Landor, Wordsworth, even Matthew Arnold, all the great and good poets who have passed away from us, signified this truth in one way or in another, each according to his quality. It was the distinction of Lefroy that he "came back home" with a peculiarly fresh and child-like perception of its charm. Seeking to define his touch upon Hellenic things, I find only a barren and scholastic formula: he had a spiritual apperception of sensuous beauty. The strong, clear music which throbbed so piercingly, so passionately, round the Isles of Greece, reached his sense attenuated and refined—like the notes of the Alpine horn, after ascending and tingling through a thousand feet of woods and waterfalls and precipices. Here is the echo of it in his sonnet, "On the Beach in November" (No. xvii.):—

> My heart's Ideal, that somewhere out of sight
> Art beautiful and gracious and alone,—
> Happy where blue Saronic waves are blown
> On shores that keep some touch of old delight,—
> How welcome is thy memory, and how bright,
> To one who watches over leagues of stone
> These chilly northern waters creep and moan
> From weary morning unto weary night.

O Shade-form, lovelier than the living crowd,
So kind to votaries, yet thyself unvowed,
So free to human fancies, fancy-free,
My vagrant thought goes out to thee, to thee,
As, wandering lonelier than the Poet's cloud,
I listen to the wash of this dull sea.

How he could convey a single Greek suggestion into the body of an English poem may be exemplified by "A Thought from Pindar" (No. xxxix.):—

Twin immortalities man's art doth give
To man; both fair; both noble; one supreme.
The sculptor beating out his portrait scheme
Can make the marble statue breathe and live;
Yet with a life cold, silent, locative;
It cannot break its stone-eternal dream,
Or step to join the busy human stream,
But dwells in some high fane a hieroglyph.
Not so the poet. Hero, if thy name
Lives in his verse, it lives indeed. For then
In every ship thou sailest passenger
To every town where aught of soul doth stir,
Through street and market borne, at camp and game,
And on the lips and in the hearts of men!

The contrast between the powers of two rival arts, sculpture and poetry, to confer immortal fame upon some noble agent in the world's drama, has been well conceived and forcibly presented.

Like all poets who have confined their practice mainly to contemplative and meditative forms of verse, Lefroy reflected on the nature of art. That he was not in theory "the idle singer of an idle day" may be gathered from a sonnet entitled "Art that Endures" (No. lxviii.):—

Marble of Paros, bronze that will not rust,
Onyx or agate—sculptor, choose thy block!
Not clay nor wax nor perishable stock
Of earthy stones can yield a virile bust
Keen-edged against the centuries. Strive thou must
In molten brass or adamantine rock
To carve the strenuous shape which shall not mock
Thy faith by crumbling dust upon thy dust.
Poet, the warning comes not less to thee!
Match well thy metres with a strong design.
Let noble themes find nervous utterance. Flee
The frail conceit, the weak mellifluous line.
High thoughts, hard forms, toil, rigour,—these be thine
And steadfast hopes of immortality.

With this lofty conception of the spirit in which the artist should approach his task, Lefroy did not exaggerate his own capacity as poet or seek to exalt his function. A sonnet called "The Torch Bearer" (No. lxvi.) expresses, in a charming metaphor, the thought that poetry is but the soul's light cast upon the world for other souls to see by :—

In splendour robed for some court-revelry
A monarch moves when eve is on the wane.
His faithful lieges flock their prince to see,
And strive to pierce the gathering shades—in vain.
But lo, a torch ! And now the brilliant train
Is manifest. Who may the bearer be ?
Not great himself, he maketh greatness plain.
To him this praise at least. What more to me ?
Mine is a lowly Muse. She cannot sing
A pageant or a passion ; cannot cry
With clamorous voice against an evil thing,
And break its power ; but seeks with single eye
To follow in the steps of Love, her King,
And hold a light for men to see Him by.

In another place (No. i.) he disclaims his right or duty to attack the higher paths of poesy, saying of his Muse :—

She hath no mind for "freaks upon the fells,"
No wish to hear the storm-wind rattling by :
She loves her cowslips more than immortelles,
Her garden-clover than the abysmal sky :
In a green dell her chosen sweetheart dwells :
The mountain-height she must not, does not, try.

That sense of inadequacy which every modest worker feels from time to time, when he compares "this man's art or that man's scope" with his own performance, and the reaction from its benumbing oppression under the influence of healthier reflection, are expressed with delightful spontaneity in "Two Thoughts" (No. xliii.) :—

When I reflect how small a space I fill
In this great teeming world of labourers,
How little I can do with strongest will,
How marred that little by most hateful blurs,—
The fancy overwhelms me, and deters
My soul from putting forth so poor a skill :
Let me be counted with those worshippers
Who lie before God's altar and are still.

But then I think (for healthier moments come)
This power of will, this natural force of hand,—
What do they mean, if working be not wise?
Forbear to weigh thy work, O Soul! Arise,
And join thee to that nobler, sturdier band
Whose worship is not idle, fruitless, dumb.

IV.

It was not to be expected that a man who vibrated so deeply and truly to the beauty of the world and to the loveliness of "the young life," and who was himself condemned to life-long sickness with no prospect but the grave upon this planet, should not have left some utterances upon the problems of death and thwarted vitality. It must be remembered, however, that Lefroy was a believing Christian, and for him the tomb was, therefore, but a doorway opened into regions of eternal life. It is highly characteristic of the man that, in his poetry, he made no vulgar appeal to the principles of his religious creed, but remained within the region of that Christianised Stoicism I have attempted to define. We feel this strongly in the sonnets "To An Invalid" (No. liv.), "On Reading a Poet's Life" (No. lix.), and "The Dying Prince" (No. xlvii.). All of these, for their intrinsic merits, are worthy of citation. But space fails; and I would fain excite some curiosity for lovely things to be discovered by the reader when a full edition of Lefroy's *Remains* appears. I shall, therefore, content myself with the transcription of the following most original poem upon the old theme of "Quem Di Diligunt" (No. lvii.):—

O kiss the almond-blossom on the rod!
A thing has gone from us that could not stay.
At least our sad eyes shall not see one day
All baseness treading where all beauty trod.
O kiss the almond-blossom on the rod!
For this our budding Hope is caught away
From growth that is not other than decay,
To bloom eternal in the halls of God.
And though of subtler grace we saw no sign,
No glimmer from the yet unrisen star,—
Full-orbed he broke upon the choir divine,
Saint among saints beyond the golden bar,
Round whose pale brows new lights of glory shine—
The aureoles that were not and that are.

The artistic value of Lefroy's work is great. That first attracted me to him, before I knew what kind of man I was to meet with in the poet. Now that I have learned to appreciate his life-philosophy, it seems to me that this is even more noteworthy than his verse. We are all of us engaged, in some way or another, with the problem of co-ordinating the Hellenic and Christian ideals, or, what is much the same thing, of adapting Christian traditions to the governing conceptions of a scientific age. Lefroy proved that it is possible to combine religious faith with frank delight in natural loveliness, to be a Christian without asceticism, and a Greek without sensuality. I can imagine that this will appear simple to many of my readers. They will exclaim: "We do not need a minor poet like Lefroy to teach that lesson. Has not the problem been solved by thousands?" Perhaps it has. But there is a specific note, a particular purity, a clarified distinction, in the amalgam offered by Lefroy. What I have called his spiritual apperception of sensuous beauty was the outcome of a rare and exquisite personality. It has the translucent quality of a gem, beryl or jacinth, which, turn it to the light and view it from all sides, retains one flawless colour. This simplicity and absolute sincerity of instinct is surely uncommon in our perplexed epoch. To rest for a moment upon the spontaneous and unambitious poetry which flowed from such a nature cannot fail to refresh minds wearied with the storm and stress of modern thought.

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

SPORT IN THE NEW FOREST.

YEAR after year, as population increases and wealth accumulates, does it become more and more impossible for the man of moderate fortune to gratify that taste for sport which is, after all, the passion that is most strongly implanted in the Anglo-Saxon breast. The ancient Parisian description of a British squire's formula for enjoyment of his country life—"It is a fine day; let us go and kill something"—is not, it may be, quite devoid of truth; but to the ordinary English gentleman "sport" has a significance far beyond the simple taking and destroying of the animal which is the object of pursuit for the moment. It is the labour and toil of the chase in which he glories; the pitting of human intelligence and skill against the cunning and the infinitely keener senses and superior activity of the wild creature; the test of the strength, agility, and endurance in which he prides himself, and which, to do him justice, he generally possesses in greater or less degree; above all, sweet is the delicious feeling of success in any undertaking for which all the energies of mind and body have been braced up during hours of cold and wet, or heat and discomfort, which have been ineffectual to deter the sportsman from that on which his mind is set.

But the difficulty in these times is to find an arena in which to display these faculties of which men may well be proud, and which, in spite of those pessimists who are ever crying out that the modern Anglo-Saxon is but an effeminate shadow of his progenitors, are just as abundant as ever in all well nurtured specimens of his breed. Fifty or sixty years ago anyone who would put up with a certain amount of discomfort, and was not limited as to time, could, for a very moderate outlay, get excellent sport in Scotland or in Ireland. Stags could be killed in moderate numbers over an enormous range of country outside the great deer forests which then existed, at a very moderate price for the privilege of stalking—very often for nothing at all; grouse shootings

were readily to be had, and in remote districts the lord of the soil would esteem himself lucky to get a tenant. Nowadays it is the proposing tenant who thinks himself lucky to find a shooting for which he may pay his money. Every wealthy man desires to get sport for himself and his numerous friends within comparatively easy reach of London. He must nowadays be able to transact his business on the Monday and be on the banks of his salmon river or in the heart of his forest by the evening of Tuesday at the least. For such advantages, combined with first-rate sport, he will pay an enormous rent, and no wonder.

But it is sport at hand, unpretentious in character, abundant in quantity, yet cheap, that his soul sickens for, and he may search for it long in Great Britain ere he find it. Not, however, altogether in vain need he seek, for among our State possessions, open to the taxpayer, in whose interests it is administered, lies a wild corner of England which from the earliest days of the Norman kings has been dedicated to sport, so wild, indeed, that no man standing in the heart of it could bring himself to believe that a walk of an hour or two will take him to a railway station, whence in a couple more hours he may be landed in the heart of London.

It is the New Forest that I speak of, which may be described as a wild tract of a hundred square miles, sacred to wild sports for over eight hundred years, part of which is at this date in private hands and cultivated, but where there yet remains at the least fifty thousand acres at the disposal, for sporting purposes, of that member of the public who cares to secure on easy terms a permit from those to whose hands the management is entrusted.* There every variety of shooting can be enjoyed in moderation, amid surroundings of exquisite beauty. Those who have never visited this magnificent property can have little idea how diverse and how vast is the domain of which they, conjointly with their fellow citizens, are occupiers for purposes both of enjoyment and profit. While the surplus revenue of the Forest is annually paid into the Treasury in relief of taxation, the estate itself is open to all—to wander over, to botanise, picnic, encamp upon, and generally to enjoy to their hearts' content, provided only that they comply with sundry

* Licences to "fowl and fish" are granted, at their discretion, and under certain fixed regulations, by H.M. Commissioners of Woods, Forests, and Land Revenues, on payment of a fee of £20 for a single licence, or of £30 for a double licence, which entitles the holder thereof to take out a friend when he so pleases.

regulations framed with the design of preserving the beauties thereof from destruction, so that they may contribute to the pleasure of subsequent visitors. Greatly as this, the noblest possible people's park, is appreciated by those to whom it is familiar, yet comparatively few persons—taking the length and breadth of England throughout—are aware of the grand estate that they are sharers in; still fewer know that that description of rough, wild shooting, which is to many persons the essence of true sport, can be readily obtained at moderate cost therein.

The New Forest may be roughly described, for shooting purposes as, first, forty thousand acres of wild open heathland, interspersed with bogs, which hold, at the right times, numbers of snipe, and in the better places many a duck and teal; in the drier portions, or the more sandy parts of this moorland, are large furze brakes, many of which are full of rabbits and in which woodcock generally are found in the earlier part of the season. Secondly, some eleven thousand acres of woodlands, of ages varying from three hundred, or even more, to sixty years. In many of these there is, under grand spreading beeches, moss covered on the north side of each bole, or oaks with mighty limbs, here green with luxuriant polypodium in every fork and hollow, there grey with drooping lichens, a dense covert of holly; this affords splendid shelter for the travelling woodcock or for the wary cock pheasant disturbed, as he gorges on beech mast or acorns, by the shooter's approach. In other woods, of oak, and of younger date, is a strong growth of bramble; here and there thickets of blackthorn, and everywhere covert enough to hide any quantity of game. The remainder of the Forest is absorbed by younger plantations of oak and fir mixed, which are still fenced against the ravages of the cattle, which are turned out in great numbers. These are reserved as a sanctuary for the game which, without some such safeguard, might be shot down all too severely. In some of them, where necessary, the rabbits are killed down, but in the greater number no shot is fired at game from year's end to year's end. In addition to this protection, some six hundred to a thousand pheasants are reared annually, chiefly from imported eggs, and scattered over the Forest in order to keep up the stock. On the open heaths are, besides rabbits, plenty of snipe, and occasionally a woodcock. Black grouse are also to be seen, and in former years were very plentiful. In more recent times they have greatly dwindled, and are now rigidly preserved in the hope of saving them from extinction. Partridges are fairly abundant on the edges of the Forest, where they

can gain access to the corn land on private property adjoining. Here they feed, returning to the heath and gorse brakes, where they were originally bred, during the day. Like all game which is bred on a boundary, they live between two fires, and are pretty clever at placing the "march" between themselves and their enemy, on whichever side of it they may be found.

Through the Forest run four or five small streams, which in winter, especially in frosty weather, yield many a duck and teal. The latter are loth to leave the stream when roused, and, following its sinuosities backwards and forwards till they have travelled leagues, will drop at last into some snug pool not half a mile from where they were first roused, and where the shooter has ambushed himself till they settle down. Here also the otter dwells, and in summer gives many a good day to the followers of the otter-hounds, for this Forest has been of late years a favoured region for that noble and scientific variety of hunting. In these pools, too, many a basketful of little toothsome brown trout may be caught by him who disdains not the "garden fly," and can handle his Stewart tackle deftly. And through the lofty beech woods and dense masses of oak hurtle clouds of wood-quests in years when the beech mast is plentiful, and November has driven them in from the turnip-fields, tempting the shooter to waste many a cartridge in his effort to reach some impossible rocketer "off the top shelf," but still affording during a gusty day shot after shot that gives real satisfaction if the aim has been a true one.

Along the banks of the stream there flash occasionally, like turquoise jewels set with topaz, a pair of kingfishers. Here and there is the dipper seen saucily perching himself on a stone by the beck side. Among the trees ring out the laughing cry of the "yaffingale," or great green woodpecker, for each and all varieties of bird life find a home and a sanctuary in this the nation's pleasure ground—so far, indeed, as they can be protected from the modern egg dealer, that pest to bird preservation, who is but too often ready, for the sake of some paltry private collection, to ruin the last chance, it may be, of hatching off a brood of some nearly extinct British species. Not very far will the sportsman, who is also a naturalist, have to roam ere he comes on traces of the work of badgers. Their well-defined paths may lead him to the great honeycombed earths which form their stronghold. On the way he he may notice the roots they have dug, and the patches of grass and short fern cut to make their hay for winter bedding. Squirrels innumer-

able chatter at him as he lies to rest beneath some leafy monarch, apparently half oak, half beech, springing from one root, and showing clearly how in ancient days field mice abounded, and then, as now, formed their little winter hoards of mingled beech mast and acorns; then perishing prematurely left them to germinate, and under the care with which our ancestors (less utilitarian and greedy of profit than ourselves) fenced in, and protected the growth of the self-sown woods, to grow up, guarded from bite of deer or cattle, to form new portions of our beautiful old Forest.

There is then plenty to interest the sportsman and naturalist, as well as an abundance of the raw material for rough shooting, in this wide region which has been aptly dubbed "the poor sportsman's paradise."

Let us suppose that a start is about to be made on some brilliant October morning at once of the many picturesque rendezvous of the New Forest—

> "When autumn is flaunting his banner of pride,
> For glory that summer has fled;
> Arrayed in the robes of his royalty dyed
> In tawny and orange and red."

Dead, indeed, to all sense of beauty must his mind be who can look on the view from Stony Cross Hill or Boldrewood at this time of year and mark without a feeling of reverent admiration almost akin to awe the dense masses of gorgeous colour, from scarlet to olive green, intermixed with every shade of bronze, russet, or gold that the rolling billows of beech and oak wood present to him. Here, chequered by groves of birch, with foliage of the most brilliant gold; there, opening out into glades where patches of green peep through the dead and dying bracken—what shade of colour is absent? what artist could depict so glorious a panorama either on his canvas or in words?

But to our sport. We will suppose the party to consist of two shooters, each attended by a wiry beater, a brace of setters, and the like number of spaniels held in reserve, which, with a modest luncheon-basket, are to be left at some spot convenient, to be worked up to at midday. High ranging setters, with a great amount of dash, such as are almost priceless for the grouse moors, are not good here; they get constantly lost in the thick covert, and have to be checked for roaming too far till they become discouraged and dejected. Moreover, they have, most likely, been very carefully trained to disregard snipe, which are the very things most in request here. Still, for the open

heath we need a dog that will cover a good deal of ground, though he need not gallop in great style, and must wind, and stand, the wary snipe at forty or fifty yards distance, nor must he draw up to him without waiting for his master. He must also "road" well, and be able to follow the line of a running cock pheasant—one of the most active of pedestrians—steadily and perseveringly, for perhaps thirty good minutes, before he can get him into such covert that he can flush him at the signal. In fact, he must have plenty of sense and experience, as well as courage; must take a real interest in his work and use his head, so as to assist in bringing each various head of game to bag in the way best suited to the emergency of the moment. If, in addition to this, he will retrieve well and tenderly, he is really worth his weight in gold. He will almost earn it in silver in the value of the game he will bring to hand in a single season by his cleverness. Such dogs can only be trained by the man who is going to work them. They must live with him, and understand all his ways, and must earn their experience in the country where they are to be used, where the game is scarce but varied, and where each head killed has to be circumvented in a different fashion to the last.

We begin by running the setters alternately over a wide expanse of open heath, so wet from recent rains that one can see a small cloud of wet spray hanging over the dog all the time he ranges. Ere long he stiffens to a point, and, being very cautiously approached, draws noiselessly into the wind for about thirty yards, when, at twenty yards rise, up gets a snipe, and is cleverly knocked over. An hour or two of this sport produces a dozen or more points. Some rise wildly, especially from the young dog, who rather lacks confidence, and draws a little too near his kittle game ere he finally stands. Still, we have secured two couple of full snipe, and by carefully trying over a bog, full of tussocky grass, have found half a dozen jack snipe, four of which we add to the bag. We now make down the hill towards a wood in the bottom, and as we enter it the dog stands firm at the edge of a mass of holly, clustered round the base of a towering beech. A whisper of "woodcock" is heard, and the guns rapidly converge on the point. The clever old dog will not, however, trust to this, and as his master comes within shot he breaks his point and whips rapidly round to the farther side of the bush, and has the quarry, whatever it may be, safe between the gun and himself. Many is the head of "stuff" that has fallen a prey to this clever manœuvre; nor does it fail now, for as the dog dashes in at the

well-known word the cock blunders out into his master's face, presenting the easiest of shots. What words can describe the self-satisfaction on the old setter's face as he trots up to his master with the woodcock, delicately retrieved, in his mouth, or what more satisfactory piece of work is there than the successful shot at a woodcock, well found by a good pointer or setter in wild country, and well brought to hand?

The scene changes as we enter an oak plantation of younger growth. Here the ground is thick with bramble and blackthorn patches; it is hard work for the dogs to get over or through the covert, and progress is slow. Yet the blackthorn brakes are the home of more than one woodcock, pheasants run in the brambles between them, and it is worth while to work the ground with care. When at the end of an hour we draw out to where our pony-cart, with luncheon, awaits us, we have flushed five woodcock, of which we have secured two. Three have either been missed or else have, with the cleverness of that provoking bird, instantly placed a thick tree between the gun and their precious persons. At least half a dozen hen pheasants have been flushed, which, of course, being "tabu," have presented the most perfect of shots to one, often to both guns, and a brace of cocks have been secured. For the afternoon there is an abundant choice of ground. We can follow the river down, on the chance that it has not been disturbed, and may yield us a couple or two of teal, or we can continue our morning's programme; but what we actually do is to leave the clay soil where we now are and to resort to certain furze brakes on the more sandy land less than a mile away where we know there are sundry rabbits. We uncouple the spaniels, and ere long the cheery tongue of the old-fashioned cocker proclaims a find; there is about three-quarters of a mile of furze brake before us, at least a quarter of a mile wide, intersected here and there with wide-cut rides, and throughout its length more or less broken into scattered brakes. The very cream of sporting shots is afforded as the rabbits dodge from one covert to the other; as each is found he has to be steadily hunted "to a finish," whether it be by a clever snap shot or by marking him to ground. But as one gun follows the cry of the spaniel fairly closely, and the other stands guard over the great burrows which "Brer Rabbit" is sure to make for, sooner or later a good many may be brought to hand out of those found, and in this thick covert every single coney must be "ejected from his seat" by sheer force. An hour and a-half of this gives us a dozen or so

of rabbits, which is all that is needed for household consumption at present, so we abandon this branch of sport, and, with the sun sinking into the west, we set our faces towards home. As we go we beat up a long wild oak wood, full of patches of holly, thorn, and bracken; a lucky chance gives us a woodcock, and another rabbit or two is picked up. A little further, and the one steady spaniel we are now working with begins to feather, and a keen eye shows the scratchings of sundry pheasants that have been taking their evening meal from the shed acorns. With a little trouble the line is hit off, and away goes our spaniel as fast as, or faster, than we care to hurry after him. But the course of the running pheasant is erratic, and numerous checks enable us to keep, gasping and perspiring, on terms with our hound. A dash into a patch of oak scrub, and out flutter two hens! Anathema! But there is yet a chance, and a cast forward hits the line of the *père de famille*, who, unlike his female relations, will not quit the ground until the very nose of the spaniel drives him from it. Another rapid scurry through heather, holly, and oak scrub, a long check where our crafty quarry has run fifty yards down a deep drain covered over with tangle of all sorts, and then we see our keen-nosed guide dash, with cocked ears, round to the farther side of a dense mass of brambles. Well does the old dog know that he has defeated his wily quarry, and that he has deserved the success which will, at least, crown *his* efforts. With joyous tongue he dashes into the brake, and with a mighty clatter rouses the gorgeous old purple and russet cock that has led us this dance. The shot that follows is but an easy matter; it is a detail of the chase far inferior to the hunt which preceded it, and which has tested the woodcraft both of dog and man. It is in such sport and in such craft that the charm of forest shooting lies. It is not known to the man who cares but to stand at the wood end and display his skill in bringing down score after score of rocketers driven over his head. The accuracy of his eye and his skill of touch are not to be gainsaid, but in the matter of true sport he is far, far behind our woodland friends.

It is time we left off, and in the sunset glow we wend our tired way across the heath. More than one flighting woodcock is seen in the dusk, and a flock or two of golden plover draws our attention by plaintive pipe to where it finds a resting-place on the wide moorland around us. We promise ourselves a regular day at these ere long, with other schemes for the future, and part company to drive to our respective homes, having divided between us four couple of snipe, two couple of wood-

cock, two brace of pheasants, and some fourteen rabbits, which, with a sundry or two, make up the respectable total of thirty-two head. That such days as these are always to be had in the New Forest we do not say; bad weather and bad luck have to be reckoned with, and in all rough sport blank days must be encountered. But

"No game was ever yet worth a rap
For a rational man to play
Into which no disaster—no mishap
Could possibly find its way."

Many and many such days have been enjoyed in our national park during the last few decades. As long as matters continue as they now stand, many more such will be obtained. Shooters who work hard and do not despise rabbits can accumulate six hundred, even eight hundred head at a cost of £20, while the average sportsman may reckon—if he understands what he is about—on getting some two hundred to four hundred head, including from twenty to thirty couple of woodcock, if the year be favourable, and a good sprinkling of feathered game of all kinds and sorts. One hundred couple of snipe is no uncommon record, though even with this quarry more credit is due to the dog than to his master. Small returns, indeed, are these to the man of well-stocked preserves and a good balance at his bankers, accustomed to reckon his slain by the hecatomb and to blame his servants for any extra trouble caused him in obtaining it. He will vouchsafe but a scornful smile at the modest little game-book of the New Forest shooter and the hard work involved in compiling it. But to the man of small means, with a hungry family hanging to his skirts; to the genuine old-fashioned sportsman who loves to use his own wits in order to find his game, in a wide range, by his own knowledge of its habits—who loves to trace it out by the clever instinct of his own well-trained dogs; to the man of artistic temperament who derives the keenest pleasure from the beautiful surroundings in which he follows his sport; to all these—and let us be thankful that there are many such men left in a luxurious and exacting generation—the New Forest affords a playground such as can be found not elsewhere, and the sport we have endeavoured to describe a recreation which they would not exchange for all the well-stocked preserves which their more highly-favoured friends are privileged to maintain.

GERALD LASCELLES.

THE LABOURER AND THE LAND.

I HEAR that we are likely to have some political candidates in our village, wishing to nurse the labourer. So having an idea or two on that matter I will set them down. If I be rude in my speech, I will try to be plain. Now, ours is a small parish, not much beyond 1,300 acres all told (970 or thereabouts plough-land and 250 pasture, and the rest covered by bits of plantation, houses, cottages, and farm-buildings, or being roads and odd corners of waste), and of this small parish there is a fair map, which our parson keeps in a long tin tube with a lid on top, which might serve well enough to hold a fishing-rod when taken to pieces.

Now, about this map is my first idea, which I set down for what it may be worth. That map bears date 1842, and it is signed as correct by the men sent by Government to settle the amount which should be paid to the parson instead of the old-fashioned tithes. On the fields and other enclosures marked in that map are numbers; and with the map in the tin case, and firmly tacked on to it, is a list setting forth each landowner in the parish at that time, with the fields and gardens and orchards belonging to him all duly shown by numbers corresponding with the numbers on the map. And so we come to my idea, and this it is. If somebody (the parson or the schoolmaster, or I for want of a better) were to make a new list of the landowners of the parish as they are to-day (for some bits of land have changed hands since 1842) and set against the name of each owner the numbers of all his fields and enclosures as numbered in that map, and stitch the new list to the map and place it in the tin case, then, if any neighbour of mine wished to buy or sell a bit of land, he and the other party would only have to go to the parson, or the schoolmaster, or to me (for want of a better), and pay and receive the money and see that the parson, or the schoolmaster, or I, whichever of us three kept the tin case with its contents, altered the numbers set against the names of these two landowners. With our

parish map and our list, one of my neighbours could sell a plot of ground to another as easily as a turnip across the hedge. That is my idea.

Now, it may be said that this is no bad thing, but it may be asked what it has to do with nursing the labourer, poor baby. As to that, here is a fact to begin with. In our list of landowners, made in 1842, there are thirty all told. Of these, seventeen owned less than four acres apiece, and of these seventeen all but four owned less than an acre. Now, of these small bits of land, almost all comprised a cottage with its bit of garden around it; and these are just what the hard-working labourer would like to buy, and could buy, after some years of honest work, if he were not disheartened by having to pay the lawyers too, and by the prospect of receiving therefor a big parchment, written in a strange language, to him incomprehensible, and the upshot of which is that he has the lawyer's word for it that probably no other man will turn up from Australia or elsewhere and prove that what the labourer has bought really belongs to him. Now, my idea is that if a bit of land change hands, by the map and the list, after due notice on the school-door or elsewhere, and no claimant making sign, the buyer should sleep safe at night, being owner against all the world. And I hold that, if our village boys had this to look forward to, they would not all be hankering, as they hanker to this day, to be porters on the railroad, or footmen in big houses, or labourers at the docks, or what not, instead of settling down to work the wholesome earth, and grow strong on its smell, and bring up children in time in our good country air.

Well, now, it may be said to this that our map and list take no account of the cases where the seller of a bit of land has raised money on it. Suppose the buyer find that he has bought a bit of land which is mortgaged, as the lawyers say, and that, if he don't pay interest on the debt, which was none of his, his bit of land may be seized. My idea as to that is that the law should make it a crime for any man to raise money on his land without straightway entering the fact in the list in the presence of the parson, or the schoolmaster, or me (for want of a better), or should decree, if the opposite way be better, that no mortgagee should get his debt if he had not seen the debt so entered at the time of his lending the money. All encumbrances on the land of every sort should appear on our list, and the buyer would see at a glance what he is buying.

Then it may be said that this easy buying and selling of land, when

to the profit of both parties, is often hindered by the fact that the landowner is not a landowner at all. That is not often the case with the small men in our parish; but it does make mischief, and I can tell you a story to the point. I remember well the shock it was to me when I first heard that my neighbour, the squire, whose family had been on the land these hundreds of years, did not own his own land, might not cut down his own trees, and could not sell an acre to a friend. "His own," said I; "what does 'his own' mean, and what does 'landowner' mean?" And I went to the schoolmaster. Our schoolmaster is a learned fellow, as men go in our parts, and one that likes things because he can explain them out of history; and he told me a lot about tenants for life and tenants in tail, a title which in very truth seems to bring a worthy gentleman near to the brute creation, and about knights' service and what not; but I told him that there was little likelihood in our day of our lady the Queen calling on the squire to ride forth and do battle for her on the back of old Violet, the cart-mare, and that for the rest all this gallimatia of the lawyers was but a crackling of thorns and a sad hindrance to plain dealing—as witness my story. There was a man in our village who had put by a bit of money, and he wanted to build himself a good cottage for his old age; and so, looking about, he fixed his mind on a nice bit of land belonging to the squire. It was a bit of waste land, fit neither for the plough nor for pasture. The squire was right willing to sell; but, as is the way with squires, he must needs consult his lawyer, and his lawyer told him, truthfully I hope, that inasmuch as that bit was subject with all the rest of his land to certain charges, it would cost him more to free it for sale by lawyers' methods of a becoming intricacy than he could ask the buyer to pay for it. And so the squire said that to part with land and to be the poorer was in no way reasonable; and he who wished to buy, and who has earned some leisure by hard work, has taken to reading books, and will maintain to those who will listen that all the land should belong to all the nation, and such new doctrines. Nor do I hold it strange that he, being a sore man, should seek comfort in such ideas; though *my* idea, rather, is that the squire should be made by law real owner of his land and able to sell, by means of our big map and list appended thereto, whatever piece or parcel of that land he choose. Equally able would he be to leave the rest of his land, or every rood of it if he chose, to his son who is now duly visible and erect upon two legs, but not to leave it or to settle it on that son's son, who is now a nothing, a mere possibility, and yet a tenant

in tail male, possessed of that awesome name and gripping with his shadowy hand timber and waste places and goodly acres, now badly worked for want of money, so that they be not sold.

"Goodly acres, badly worked," I have written. And see how this harm comes and how this hurts all our labourers, whom you would be nursing. Our squire has too much land for his money. So, though a kind man by nature, he has had to get every penny of rent which he could from the farmers who held from him; nor was he able to be as generous as he would in repairing and improving the farm buildings. So, when the bad times came, some of his farms were given up, and these he has to work himself, and on others the farmers can barely live and pay rent. And so it happens that on all these farms, whether worked by the squire, poor man, or by his tenants, as few labourers are taken on as can keep the farms going at all, and these are paid the lowest wages which they can be got to take. So again, the labourer suffers and finds his lot hard, and looks to other things and his eyes, used only to sight of the good earth and now raised uneasily, are dazzled by lights, of which many are false, and see visions of fair cities where is only a pestilent congregation of houses.

Now, let the squire be freed from his bonds, and he will sell, maybe, a farm and do better for the others; or sell his bits of waste land to men like that poor one who wished to build him a dwelling and was denied; and with the money he will hire more labourers to do credit to his land, and he will make their cottages fit to live in and, maybe, pay them better wages, too. And so, good Mr. Statesman, if you would nurse our labourers, these be the first and simplest foods—a law to make every landowner, so-called, a real owner, able to sell, and a law to make the process of buying and selling land easy and cheap. Then the labourer will profit at once in his wages and in his cottage, and yet more in hope—hoping that one day he, too, may own land and his cottage on it, and that his son may come to own a farm and be a British yeoman, of which name I am more proud than of any ill-sounding title with a tail to it.

And if it be argued, as indeed the schoolmaster argued with me, that not near so much good would come of this as I hope, I make answer, as I answered to him (and he, having nothing to answer in his turn, smiled in a superior manner), that, if a waggon be drawn across the street on market day you do well to pull it out of the way without waiting while wise men argue how much or how little it blocks the road.

Pull it out of the way; at least it does no good where it is. And when it is cheap and easy for a poor man to buy land, if he has the price, then you can go further, if it seem good (nursing your labourer with richer if more doubtful food), and lend him money, wherewith to buy acres, from the rates or whence you will.

And here, methinks, I would enter a caution. If money were to be lent in our village that a labourer might buy therewith three or four acres (with or without a cow, which is a mighty useful animal when all is said), I should wish to pick my labourer with much care, a good all-round labourer, with sense enough to know what to grow and what to let alone, and not given overmuch to the drinking of our strong beer. Then I should wish to see the bit of land on which his heart was set, and to judge if it were fit for so small a farmer, and if the price were not too high. Then, if a market were handy, I would bid the parish lend the price to that man, being one in a hundred, maybe, with good hope of repayment as the years run on. And if on the contrary some-one rise and say that no man can make a profit from farming the land unless he have the advantage of paying rent for it, I do assure him that there are farmers, my neighbours, who would willingly forego that privilege, and hold themselves the more prosperous, being, indeed, plain men and accustomed to think that you do not fill the jug by drinking. And if another say that a small farm must fail because it has no room for the fine, ingenious instruments in use on large farms, I would remind him that the plough is but a good attempt to imitate the better working of the spade, and that the spade is the cheaper.

But then, if the whole point be here in the nice choosing of our man and the judging of his farm, the question comes, Who is to choose? It may be that in our parish I could put my hand on the right man, and the parish be not a penny the worse; but here the parson would be no aid to me, being likely to look more to the man's character than to his inborn genius for the earth; nor the schoolmaster, with all his higher mathematics and his knowledge of the origin of things. But I hold that the law would not make me judge in the matter. Who, then, is to select the man whom we would help to become a yeoman, and fit him by a prudent loan with the appropriate acres? A parish council, they say, chosen by all the men in the parish, and by the women, too, perhaps. Now, as to that, we come again to a question of men and their capacity; for I, at least, have been never able to see that a meeting, or a council, or a great parliament itself, is a whit wiser or more able than the Thomas,

Richard, and Henry who compose it. And so the question of our village council is if the best men in the village would be chosen, and if, being chosen, they would serve and spare enough time and attention from their own affairs to see well to the business of the parish. If the council were bound down to business and its duties were few and clear, it might be well. This council might see with effect to the wells and to the drains; might keep our list of landowners, and take the half-crown fees when land was bought and sold; and might even have the power of lending a small sum every year to some well-chosen labourer who might wish to become a yeoman. But if a council is to be formed, as someone has said, that our village life may be more lively, then a lively mistrust assails me, for incontinently I suspect a little parliament with debates and hot words, with village Hampdens, now happily mute, aye, perhaps, with Ins and Outs, a Government and an Opposition busily turning each other out, and a neglected cesspool under their windows, with livelier times, indeed, and in due course the employment of relations in the building trade and an impeachment of our Chancellor of the Exchequer for malversation.

Good sport, without doubt, is to be gained by such contests of glib speakers; but I will be honest and say that in our village, at least, all votes would be rather cast, except, perhaps, the vote of the schoolmaster, for the circus of my Lord Salisbury. And though the schoolmaster avers that by circuses the ancient Romans were betrayed, they do appear to me a pleasant and harmless amusement; and if his lordship will bring his circus to us twice in the long winter we will forego some holiday speeches, which must be so sore a burden to him and his fellows. Political vans have visited us already, affording to our younger members much sport, first by the display of magic lanterns, and after by the stoning of the vans. But these were small matters in comparison with a well-lit circus, with Mr. Akers Douglas to crack the whip, and the Chancellor to take money at the doors, and the new Minister of Agriculture, who should especially concern himself with the happiness of villages, cantering round the ring, erect upon his famous horse, and casting off waistcoat after waistcoat, as I remember to have seen a rare rider at a fair when I was a boy. Rare sport would it be, and the lighter members of the Government might fly through hoops, and the First Lord of the Admiralty dance a hornpipe, and all be the gayer for good exercise in place of too much speaking. But enough of this. If we are to have a village council, let it be for business, and with few and clear duties, and

with them, if you wish, the power to lend a little money for the buying of land, and the power to add something to the earnings of a worthy labourer grown too old for work, for of that also much might be said. But first of all, I say again, the buying of land should be made cheap and easy and safe for those who have saved a bit of money by hard work, and have no need either to borrow or to beg. This is the first of all reforms which we want in our village.

And now I have nearly done, only feeling bound further to raise my voice against false foods, on which some have tried to nourish our country babes. For there are some who come among us with a mighty windy nourishment, prating and bellowing of Empire and such high things. Now to a man like me, who have had schooling and odd times for reading and for pondering on the greatness of England, and how, where she has subdued the nations under her, she has, pass this or that, ruled them with justice and for their good—to one like me, I say, you may come bellowing, if your lungs be good, of the greatness and glory of the British Empire, and I and those like me will say Amen. But to talk thus to the labourer of the land as he is to-day is mere waste of good breath, and to seek to fill him with such food is the part of a fool. The Empire to him is hard work all his life-long, and at the end the workhouse; nor will he learn to feel a due love of the flag of England till he be troubled with no thought of hunger, now gnawing or to come. Try it for yourselves, good Messrs. Statesmen; go fasting for but twelve hours, and then fill your bellies with big words of Union and the Empire. Surely you will find more comfort in the husks that the swine do eat. So let your food be infants' food for these who are yet infants in politics. Speak to them of the earth which clogs their feet and how they may prosper on it; or if you will speak to them of the Empire, show them whither they may go, or their sons, and find a kinder life beyond the sea.

For here is another false feeding, of which I would say one word. A great man, they tell me, has been telling the labourers that they should rest at home content, because their cottages are more comfortable than the log-cabins of the colonists. One of my boys is in a log-cabin—Heaven prosper him and his own strong arm and abstinence from strong drink!—and he does not whine over the lost comforts of his home. Nor did I ever hear, or read in histories, that our England grew great and laid the foundations of her Empire so wide by being the mother of such men as care most of all for comfort. Preach them no such coward's

gospel, say I; but let the best of our young men, if they have little hope of coming to hold land here, get them up to other and larger lands where hope shows more fair for the poor, and lie on the bare ground, if need be, till they have made them a shelter.

And if you wish to praise their cottages, make this comparison rather. Tell them that it is better to live in a cottage, even a bad cottage, than in a room in a foul street of a foul city; better to come out each morning from an unwholesome cottage, if it be unwholesome, into clean country air, and to see the red cheeks of their children, than to herd all together, they and their womankind and pale-faced brats, in a single rotten room, and to come out in the morning into a street of fog and soot and the gas of sewers; better to be a labourer on the land than to hang at a street corner and hope for a job. Though here it should be said that for the most part they get the jobs, such as they are, being country bred, and so preferred before the starveling townfolk, whom they push out of their work—and this, too, seems to me a sad thing.

Now, when I had said all this, or words to this effect, in one of my talks with the schoolmaster, it chanced that his younger brother was sitting by, being no more than a boy, and a small scrub clerk in a lawyer's office in the town which lies nearest to our parish. And, when I had made an end, and his elder brother sat thinking, this brat, with much pertness, up and asked, "Where do we come in?"

"You come in?" said I.

"Yes; who is going to nurse us?" said he.

"Nurse you, you fox-cub!" said I.

Whereupon he held forth and spoke for all the profession of the law, as if he held a brief from the Lord Chancellor. "We must have our pickings," said he. "Not a bit of land has changed hands in this parish but we, or the Johnnies opposite" (for with such pertness he spoke of the other firm of lawyers in the town), "have made a pretty penny out of the business. And what should we get out of your old tin case of fishing-rods? You might charge a half-a-crown fee for polishing the case, but you ain't we, and we get a good deal more than half-a-crown by the present honourable process."

"And for what?" I asked.

"For what!" cried he; "why, for a beautiful indenture engrossed on a fine piece of parchment and fit for a heirloom; and for a comforting opinion that the 'purcher' (as we call your common buyer) has a very fair holding title, though it does not clearly appear what became of

Thomas Henry's third son, Peter, who, if he be alive, or his issue lawfully begotten, might, could, or would seem to have a claim on the estate."

"And so," said I, "the poor buyer (whom you in your condemned lingo write 'purcher'), having spent all his hard earnings in buying a few acres and paying for your sham seals and fripperies, may wake quaking at midnight from a dream of Thomas Henry's third son Peter, or of Peter's lawfully-begotten issue, Ananias."

"That's so," said the clerk, laughing; "and if Peter come, or Ananias either, that, too, is a case for us with pickings thick as in a hop-garden."

"It shall be put a stop to," said I, "by common-sense and plain dealing."

"And who's to do it?" asked he, as pert as ever.

"The candidate who wants our county votes," said I.

Thereupon this graceless boy put his thumb to his nose and laughed rudely. "If you mean Mr. Pott," said he, "we are his agents and the agents of his party. A nice chance he would have of putting M.P. to his name if we thought that he was going to make laws which would take the bread out of our mouths."

"Then we shall vote for the other candidate," I said.

"For Kettle," said he: "well, the other Johnnies are his agents, and well would they work for him, I do believe, if he talked of putting a tin case in place of the solemn and venerable process of the law! Why, we should carry our man tail and all, as you say, and with Thomas Henry's third son Peter to boot."

Now, I would talk no more to this graceless child, nor will I believe that his betters in the law have such thoughts. Changes come slowly with us who are a slow-thinking people; but yet I hope to see the day when land can be easily and cheaply sold in this country; and that day will be a fair one for the labourers who work upon the land and of whom the greater number have no chance now of owning more of their native soil than sticks to their stout boots at eventide.

JOHN SHORTREDE,
Yeoman.

LITERATURE AND THE DRAMA.

LITERATURE.

THE reception of Mrs. Humphry Ward's new book by the critics and the public must have been all that this accomplished authoress and her friends could wish, and perhaps more, considering how short-lived is often the popular rush after a new *genre*, than they could with any confidence have expected. Public and critics, however, have shown their warm appreciation of *The History of David Grieve* (Smith, Elder and Co.), the former by having exhausted three editions of the novel already, and the latter by bestowing upon it an amount of praise which would be wholly edifying if it were not also a little puzzling. For the burden of their eulogies seems to be, so far as can be gathered from the advertised Press notices, that *David Grieve* is a "vast improvement," "a great advance" upon *Robert Elsmere.* And I mildly wondered, recollecting earlier deliverances of these same critics, how the feat with which Mrs. Ward is here credited has been possible. *Could* one, then, "improve vastly,"—could one "advance greatly" on that object of Mr. Gladstone's shocked admiration? I should have thought that, these same critics being the judges, one could not. But I do not hesitate to confess that it always seemed to me that one could—and should—improve very considerably upon that eloquently-written but singularly formless work; and though I was not at all sure then that one would, I readily admit now that one has. *David Grieve* is, in everything that goes to distinguish a novel from a sermon, a greatly superior performance to *Robert Elsmere;* while even in what distinguishes a sermon from a novel it is not inferior. David is a prig, like Robert, but he is a much less tiresome prig. His soul, like Robert's, spends much of its time, so to speak, at spiritual health resorts, where its affectionately attentive owner daily examines it, and sounds it, and taps it, and subjects it to a sort of moral *massage;* but, on the whole, his

valetudinarianism in this regard is less contemptibly effeminate than the other's. His one love passage with the French artist girl stands in very favourable contrast as regards "human" interest with Elsmere's wretched philanderings with Madame De Netteville. The book, in fact, is much more alive throughout, and if Mrs. Ward could only shake herself free of the ideas and the jargon of a philosophico-religious school, which might well be left to do its own preaching for itself, and would give free play to her really considerable powers of character-drawing—her style, otherwise excellent, would naturally purge itself of its pedantries if she dropped her "views"—she could do even better than *David Grieve*. Novels, to be good novels, *will* not hold all that Mrs. Ward attempts to put into them.

Let no one, however, pelt me at this point with the name of a great novelist who has all his life put more into his novels—and for that matter into his poems—than they will hold, and is to this day, after forty years of literary activity, giving us of the superabundance of his extraordinary intellectual gifts—wit, humour, fancy, philosophy, poetry, pathos—"good measure, pressed down, and shaken together," and, alas! too often "running over" to the discomfort and annoyance of him who holds the vessel that contains it. But Mr. Meredith is—Mr. Meredith, and, as in the case of "Fred," though happily not for the same reason, there is no more to be said. We welcome with gladness the reprint of *Modern Love* (Macmillan) and the added new piece of *The Sage Enamoured and the Honest Lady* with awe. The former is a great poem, difficult, of course, and needing, though repaying, close study, but full of thought, passion, and fine imagery. The latter—well, of the latter, judging by a first reading, I will only say that it is cryptic even beyond the crypticity of its author. It is far harder than *Modern Love*, without its sustaining undercurrent of emotion.

No more vigorous handler of popular fallacies, political and other, is to be found among us, or has been, at any rate, since the lamented death of Sir Henry Maine, than Mr. W. S. Lilly; and his new volume, *On Shibboleths* (Chapman and Hall), is in his most vigorous manner. The shibboleths with which he deals are seven in number, and include some very imposing names indeed. Our friends Progress and Liberty figure there as a matter of course; and the other four are Public Opinion, Education, Woman's Rights, and Supply and Demand. It is, perhaps, a pity that the popular use of the word shibboleth, and the sense in which Mr. Lilly uses it, should have obscured the true significance of

the Biblical story. Jephthah's Gileadites detected the Ephraimites by their not being able to pronounce the word. The trouble with the modern shibboleth is that it is too easily pronounced by everybody, and to distinguish Ephraimite from Gileadite you have to ask him its meaning. According to the Hebraist it may mean either an "ear of corn" or "a running stream"—either the symbol of fertility and nutriment, as Mr. Lilly's opponents think, or, as he himself believes, the emblem of all that is fleeting and unstable.

There is a wonderful unanimity of admission that biographies ought, in at least ninety cases out of a hundred, to be short; and there is an equally marvellous ingenuity among biographers in demonstrating—say in about seventy of the ninety cases—that the particular biography on which they are engaged is an exception. Sometimes, as in the biography before us, the hero himself has, by a humorous fatality, subscribed during his lifetime to the proposition which is destined in his own case to be set at nought. Dean Burgon, it seems, had long cherished the conviction that "it is to be wished that the world could be persuaded that biography might with advantage be confined within much narrower limits than at present is customary. Very few are the men who require five hundred pages all to themselves; far fewer will bear expansion into two such volumes." Yet here has the Dean himself been expanded into two volumes (John Murray), numbering together nearly eight hundred pages; and Dr. Goulburn cheerily quotes this utterance of his friend at the beginning of the chapter in which he sums up the work of Burgon's life. To be sure, the necessary "explanation" is forthcoming. "Judicious" as the rule might be "in regard to the biographies of less distinguished persons, the writer had found his subject to be in every way too large a man to be adequately portrayed on a very small canvas." Of course. What else could be expected? Could one expect *any* biographer—least of all a grave and reverend retired ecclesiastical dignitary—to put the thing the other way and to admit that he had prepared altogether too large a canvas to be adequately adorned with the portrait of a small man? Nevertheless, and although it would be an error in the opposite direction to describe the late Dean of Chichester and the better known vicar of St. Mary's, Oxford, as intellectually any more than physically "small," the candid critic of Dr. Goulburn's portrait will admit, I think, that it does not quite naturally fill its frame. Burgon's personality after all was something like his figure; it had considerable stature, but sadly wanted breadth. It would have

looked well enough in a "panel"; but the shape of frame which the painter has selected leaves too much of what irreverent young art students are wont to call "wall space to let" on either side of the sitter. Dr. Goulburn has filled in the blank industriously enough with the "detail" of correspondence, but the superfluity of margin is none the less apparent for all that.

It is a pity, because the vicar of St. Mary's, as he was known to those who remember him best at what was surely the most characteristic and interesting period of his life—to those, for instance, who were undergraduates in the Sixties—would have gone so well into one volume. Within these limits the "Life" might so well and sufficiently have refreshed and corrected their kindly recollections of that "jocose fanatic," as Mr. Lowe called him, who was always in hot water, always denouncing, with half-real, half-humorous Burthornian passion, some enemy of the Christian religion, as Burgon understood it (and as everyone else, therefore, was bound to understand it), or of the Church (which *was* Burgon), or of the University, for whose faith, morals, and discipline Burgon was more directly responsible than its Chancellor, its Vice-Chancellor, its Proctors, and its Hebdomadal Council rolled into one. No doubt there was another side to his character which the ordinary irreverent undergraduate of the Sixties—not being a student of theology or an attendant of evening Bible-classes, or in any other capacity a direct disciple of the vicar of St. Mary's,—knew only by report; and there was an early history known to few even in this fashion, which, if it had been known, might have impressed even irreverence with respect for the son of the Turkey merchant who did not exchange the counting-house for the college lecture-room till full ten years later than the ordinary age of matriculation, yet had made himself one of the most striking and prominent figures in his University by the time he had reached middle age. Still, these things could have been told, and with advantage to the clearness of the impression produced by them, in much briefer space; and the effect of the narrative would not have been marred, as it is now, by that resentful impatience which insensibly possesses itself of the mind of a reader who has been compelled to learn in many words what might have been told him in few. When, too, will biographers learn that to give a too ambitious presentment of their hero is to expose him to the danger of reactionary under-estimation? Dean Burgon cannot possibly make good his footing on the pedestal on which Dr. Goulburn has endeavoured to place him. He was a man of much learning, of

clear, but distinctly narrow, intelligence, the master of a homely but vigorous style, both with the pen and in the pulpit, a humorist of a genuine, if rather boisterous, order, a most laborious worker, and a thoroughly devoted friend. But he was not a great thinker or really powerful reasoner, even on his own subject of theology; he was an extremely indiscreet, and not a really formidable, controversialist—as his many unsuccessful brushes with academical opponents go to show; and the one complete and final work of his life, the smashing up of the Revised Version of the New Testament, was—well, what *was* it to smash up the Revised Version of the New Testament?

Lord Palmerston has provided the Marquis of Lorne with an easier subject than some of his fellow contributors to the "Queen's Prime Ministers" Series (Sampson Low and Co.) have had to deal with. The "evergreen Viscount," as that buoyant octogenarian used to be wonderingly called in days before a yet greater marvel of persistent vitality had appeared among men, is as nearly as possible at the right distance for the biographer who wishes to do his work rather in the style of the publicist than of the historian. The figure of the statesman whom Lord Lorne describes still lives in many memories, while his career has by this time become pretty nearly historical, so that a memoir of him can now be written with much of the freedom which one would use in writing, say, of Peel or Canning, and yet retain almost all the freshness of attraction which should belong to the portrait of a living statesman. His biographer, moreover, has been fortunate in having access to large stores of hitherto unpublished information, and has been able to quote many long comments and criticisms on public affairs from documents now for the first time given to the world. The importance of most of these expositions of Palmerstonian doctrine is unquestionable, and Lord Lorne has conscientiously declined to stint us of them, though it must be said that they would be more in place in a volume of larger dimensions. In order to give us the full contents of memoranda expository of the statesman's views on the great issues of foreign policy over which he exercised so important an influence, it is probable that his biographer has had to abridge or suppress a good deal of other documentary matter which might have better illustrated the characteristics of the man. One reader of the book has at any rate felt that he could well have spared some pages of Palmerston's elaborate review of the course of European affairs between 1848 and 1850, which for the most part are pretty well known from other sources, to have

had more of the same stuff as the following delightful extract from a memorandum addressed by Palmerston to Lord John Russell, in 1852, on the subject of Parliamentary reform:—

> In considering the subject there are some reflections which naturally occur. Is it necessary to make any changes in our representative system? Does the country demand such changes? and what are the changes which, if there be a demand for any, would meet that demand with the least derangement of the existing balance of the Constitution? As to necessity, the exact necessity for some changes arises not from any general demand for them by the country at large, for everybody agrees that no such demand exists. The necessity arises principally, if not solely, from declarations made by you in the House of Commons in former years, without any previous concert or agreement with the other members of your Government.

A few more such touches would have been welcome additions to Lord Lorne's chapter of "Personal Characteristics," though that chapter is on the whole not ill done, and if it fails to set the figure of Palmerston before us in sharper outline than heretofore, it only so fails because, thanks to countless contemporary sketches with pen and pencil, this least complex of political personalities already stood forth against the background of the national memory with a clearness to which little could be added.

It is a far cry from the nineteenth to the seventeenth century, and a curious change from one of the best known of modern English statesmen to one of the most dimly descried and puzzling of old world Scottish heroes. We should have owed much to Mr. Mowbray Morris if he could have limned for us with absolute distinctness the features of the great Marquis of Montrose. In his new volume of the "Men of Action" Series (Macmillan), he has, like the pianist of Western anecdote, "done his best," and I, for one, will not "shoot at him,"—especially as in doing that best he has entirely succeeded in other matters collateral to the portrayal of his hero: in providing us, for instance, with a most enlightening unravelment of the tangled web of Anglo-Scottish politico-ecclesiastical history between 1638 and 1641, an admirably spirited and stirring narrative of Montrose's meteor-like campaign, and a finely impressive picture of the sad last scene of all. But we cannot say that the poet, soldier, and Covenanter-cavalier is a much less shadowy figure for us after all is said, or that Mr. Morris has made his change of sides entirely intelligible. Small wonder that he has not, and small blame to him if Montrose's mental history between 1639 and 1641 is like Strafford's between June 6th and July 14th, 1628. Volumes

have been written about the latter without any agreement being arrived at; and the data for determining the former problem are, if anything, the scantier of the two.

A new contribution to another well-known series of historical monographs issuing from Messrs. Macmillan's house is the *Queen Elizabeth* of Mr. E. S. Beesly, a vivid and spirited presentment of the life and "spacious times" of the greatest of the Tudors, and—saving Mr. Beesly's reverence for and reference to, and preference of, Isabella of Castile—the greatest stateswoman and female sovereign, one cannot but think, in all history. It might be thought from this side glance at her biographer's prepossessions in favour of a rival that he is unfair to her, but that is not so. His review of Elizabeth's career and character is a little unsympathetic, but it is a model of judicial impartiality, and in that passage of her life to which every reader will probably turn first—the story of the trial and execution of Mary—this quality, never more needed than here, undoubtedly serves him well.

The output of novels seems to have slackened a little with the New Year; and with the exception of the above-named David's "adventures," which, unlike the wrestlings of Robert, *do* make a novel, there has been nothing from any eminent hand. Among work from hands less than eminent, Mr. Du Maurier's *Peter Ibbetson* (Osgood, M'Ilvaine and Co.) is, for various reasons—legitimate, more or less—the chief attraction of the month to the world of novel readers. Many of them may have remembered from its author's too rare literary contributions to *Punch* that he is an adept with the pen as well as the pencil, but they were hardly, perhaps, prepared to find that he has reflected deeply on those high problems which occupied the attention of a no less able, but much less amiable, person in the First Book of *Paradise Lost*. Mr. Du Maurier, he too, has "found no end in wandering mazes lost," but he has worked his transcendental musings—as Lucifer would never have had the geniality to do—into the tissue of a poetic story of Platonic love, told with much grace and melancholy tenderness, here and there diversified with touches of cynical humour and snatches of French and English song. The idea of a man living a continuous dream-life distinct from his waking existence is, like everything else in the world, not new, but there is novelty in the notion of such a life being lived *à deux*, and, what is much more important than novelty, there is considerable charm in Mr. Du Maurier's treatment of it. The illustrations of the book are all that might be expected from

the hand of its author, and his social satire is, in letterpress, much what it is "on the wood"—clever always, just generally, false occasionally, and striking a note that jars. "Thus do I trample on the pride of Plato." "And with a greater pride, O Diogenes." Is it possible that Mr. Du Maurier sometimes ridicules the weaknesses of Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns too much in the manner of one filled with a double portion of Mrs. de Tomkyns' spirit? Or is it only my uneasy fancy? Whether it be so or not, the least pleasant bits of his satire are less offensive than the least unpleasant of Mr. George Gissing's pictures of "the way we live now." Those exhibited in his *Denzil Quarrier* (Lawrence and Bullen) resemble those of his *New Grub Street*, that is to say, while not without a certain force of handling, they are vulgarly exaggerated in "line," and in colour of a crude violence to set the teeth on edge.

One reads *In the Garden of Citrons* (Henry and Co.) without knowing whether to laugh or cry—to cry at the longevity of nonsense (which, after all, is a serious thing for mankind), or to laugh at the innocence with which the old nonsense is accepted as new. Here, in 1892, is Mr. John Gray telling us of Señor (or Signor? he writes in Spanish, but his introducer calls him an Italian) Montanaro that he "wishes great insistence upon his notions with regard to the personality of perfumes: their colours and voices, and the colours and perfumes of ideas and sounds." *Connu! connu!* dear Señor Montanaro and Mr John Gray! We were expressing colour in terms of sound, and using vocal metaphors about colour, and all the rest of it, years ago, or ever Bunthorne was born, and Bunthorne, as you know, is dead and gone, at his head a grass-green (or more probably sage-green) turf, and at his heels a stone. Hence the parrot of Señor Montanaro's one-act three-character "Idyll," with its "piercing blood-red cry," is a mere plagiarist of a parrot, and the whole absurd thing has no more of the new about it than it has of the sane. "But now read," says Mr. Gray,—"now," meaning after his own prefatory "Note"; which let no one miss who can brace himself to know the worst that fantastic and effeminate preciosity can wreak on our poor old mother tongue.

H. D. TRAILL.

THE DRAMA.

A MONTH of general depression, almost of panic. In the Elizabethan days the theatres used to be closed by the authorities when the plague sent the bills of mortality up to a certain figure; and alarmists are not wanting who would fain have gratified the influenza fiend by some such homage. As I write, the epidemic seems to be on the decline, having been stayed, we are given to understand, by the prayers of the late Mr. Spurgeon's congregation. We may look, then—though this is a result the Kennington petitioners probably did not contemplate—for a burst of new life in the theatrical world during the coming month. But retrospect, not prophecy, is my present business: and the month which has given us Mr. Beerbohm Tree's Hamlet and the Tree-Maeterlinck *L'Intruse* cannot be called entirely barren.

It was once my fortune to take a youth of three to his first pantomime, acted by children, in which one of the leading characters was a raven. Towards the end of the performance, after this sagacious bird had spoken several "lengths" of dialogue, and sung half a dozen songs, my companion looked up at me and said in an awe-stricken whisper, evidently much impressed by his discovery: "Look! the raven's pretending to be a boy!" This view of the matter often recurs to me when I see one of the great Shakespearean characters presented on the stage. Hamlet, Othello, and Macbeth are so much more real than any mere flesh-and-blood actor that they seem to condescend (except, perhaps, in the case of Salvini's Othello) in putting on mortal shape. "Hallo!" I say to myself, "here's Hamlet pretending to be Mr. Beerbohm Tree!"—and at first the make-believe strikes me as ludicrous. In some cases the feeling of ludicrousness—the sense of undignified condescension on the part of the Prince of Denmark—haunts me throughout the performance. But in Mr. Tree's case that is not so. I feel that in choosing to play at being Beerbohm Tree (or, if you prefer it, to play on Beerbohm Tree, as on the recorders) Hamlet is expressing one side of his nature, imperfectly in the technical sense, yet with a certain vividness and even intensity.

Of the various epithets in which critics have attempted to concentrate the essence of Mr. Tree's performance, "romantic," perhaps, comes nearest the mark. But "romantic" is a trifle vague; it would apply to

many other Hamlets (M. Mounet-Sully's, for instance) as well as to Mr. Tree's. I would suggest a modification of the same idea and call Mr. Tree the Teutonic Hamlet. If it be no longer true that "Hamlet is Germany," it is none the less certain that there is a great deal of Germany in Hamlet; and it is this specifically Teutonic element in the character that Mr. Tree, both physically and intellectually, suggests to us. No doubt some subtle race-influence comes into play in the matter. It is possible that the Hamlet phase of the Teutonic temperament is represented to some extent in Mr. Tree himself. Be this as it may, I regard his performance as another proof of the fallacy which lies in talking of an actor's "conception" of such a part as Hamlet; unless, indeed, we take the word in the sense in which Hamlet himself uses it in speaking to Polonius. The actor is a free agent only in the most restricted sense. It is no mere fancy, but a scientific fact, that it is not he who plays Hamlet, but rather Hamlet who plays on him. His imagination is possessed, infected, so to speak, by the Hamlet bacillus, and his performance is the resultant fever, strictly conditioned by his temperament and his technical means. Take it all in all, the revival at the Haymarket is distinctly interesting. Both as actor and manager Mr. Tree has passed the statutory examination with credit. He must at least be classed, in the curiously "canny" phrase in use at the Scandinavian universities, as *haud illaudabilis*.

In the fact of his desiring and daring to produce *L'Intruse*, Mr. Tree deserves a still higher class-place—*laudabilis præceteris*. We can admire his enterprise without approving the details of its execution (for Mr. Tree certainly went at it rather too light-heartedly and high-handedly), and without even committing ourselves to an opinion as to whether, on the whole, Maeterlinck is possible or desirable on the stage. If he should ultimately prove impossible, it must nevertheless be accounted to Mr. Tree for righteousness that he was the first to put him to the touch. It is so rarely that our actor-managers have any impulse

> To find out what can not be done
> And then to go and do it;

so rarely that they treat us to an artistic experiment (even "a very little one") which is not a commercial speculation. For my own part, I have always felt that whatever the qualities of Maeterlinck's works as literature, they were not of a sort to gain by stage presentation. It would perhaps be nothing to the Belgian poet's detriment if he were in

future works to give some thought to the possibilities of the stage; but in those already before us, it is abundantly obvious that he has not done so. And yet the same might have been said (*was* said, I have little doubt) of Alfred de Musset's delightful fantasies, before some daring innovator (in Russia, was it not?) transferred them to the boards. After the triumphant production of one of De Musset's pieces at the Français, Scribe came up to him with warm congratulations. "I wish," he said, "that you would tell me your secret!" "Tell me yours," was Musset's answer. "I always try to please the public," returned the playwright. "Ah!" replied the poet, "*I* try to please myself." Far be it from me to urge M. Maeterlinck to think of pleasing the public (or even the critics) rather than himself. That a play should be playable is a very small matter; that it should be beautiful is a very great one. The range of M. Maeterlinck's talent has yet to be proved. So far, it seems to be very limited in compass, though within that compass he manages to produce some novel and fascinating effects. (Let me beg Mr. L. F. Austin and other critics, before finally rejecting M. Maeterlinck, to read him in French.) Should he succeed in widening his range, we shall have to recognise as a remarkable talent what as yet we can regard only as a curious knack. To talk of him as "the dramatist of the future" is a grotesque absurdity; but it is quite possible that on the stage of the future he may occupy a certain place. If so, it will be in virtue of new methods in acting and new receptivities in audiences.

The mention of "new methods" suggests one of the most interesting theatrical topics of the month—Professor Herkomer's lecture on "Scenic Art" at the Avenue Theatre. It would be hard to mention a more curious instance of the inherent, instinctive, blind conservatism of human nature than the way in which Mr. Herkomer's remarks have been received by the Press. I have not been able to procure the letter which Mr. Pinero, I am told, wrote to one of the daily papers on the subject. This I regret, because whatever Mr. Pinero says on a theatrical question must always be listened to with respect—by me, at any rate. But Mr. Pinero was not present at the lecture, and it is impossible to form a correct conception of Mr. Herkomer's drift from a condensed newspaper report. I gather, too, from the one remark of Mr. Pinero's which I have seen quoted, that he has not been to Bushey. He is represented as assuring Mr. Herkomer that the use of gauzes in softening scenic effects is no new thing, but a device familiar to all scene painters.

True; but no scene painter within my experience has used gauze as Mr. Herkomer uses it at Bushey, or as, in his lecture, he suggested that it ought to be used. He did not pretend to have invented the material; but he indicated one or two methods of applying it, which, I believe, Mr. Pinero would find on inquiry to be entirely novel. Of Mr. Pinero's criticisms, however, I speak from imperfect hearsay. On the other hand, I have read some half-dozen newspaper comments on Mr. Herkomer's lecture, all written in a tone of contemptuous irritation, as though they emanated from a guild of conventional scene painters whose daily bread depended on the maintenance of the old methods. Truly we are a peevish race, we journalists! A distinguished artist, who, for sheer love of the thing, has made some experiments in scene mounting, gives us an account of these experiments, and of the conclusions to which they have led him; whereupon we must needs treat him with an angry contumely which would scarcely have been justified had he wantonly attacked our most sacred convictions. And the arguments we solemnly advance! Because we cannot have a four-walled room on the stage, it follows that every sort of convention is to be passively accepted! Because some unsuccessful attempts have been made to abolish the unnatural system of footlights, it follows that no such attempt can ever succeed! As I read such arguments, I declare they strike panic to my soul. The men who advance them no doubt think they are talking sense, and go on their way rejoicing in their superior sagacity. Is it possible that we are all of us subject to equally pathetic illusions? One is tempted to become a Trappist or an eremite, and to keep one's mouth closed for ever, lest in opening it one make oneself a spectacle for the gods. Well, well! we must all eat our peck of dirt, as the saying goes, and I suppose we must all utter our quantum of folly. But is there any need for it to be ill-tempered?

The one really formidable objection to Mr. Herkomer's theories I have nowhere seen advanced. Do they not tend, as it were, to force the background into the foreground? Would not a system of mounting so elaborately ingenious as he suggests distract attention from the acting and dwarf the play? This objection is certainly formidable, but not, I think, fatal. In the first place, there are, and always will be, dramatic productions (Professor Herkomer's own music dramas are cases in point) in which the figures in the foreground are specially designed to harmonise with an elaborate pictorial background. These picture-plays, if I may coin a term, are very beautiful and interesting in their

way, and I, for one, look forward with pleasure to a great development of this particular art-form. But even as applied to the romantic and realistic drama—to Shakespeare, for example—I see no substantial danger in the system which would abolish flapping sky-borders, make the frame adjustable to the size of the picture, and seek to give all possible verisimilitude to every detail within the frame. At first, no doubt, an undue amount of attention would be absorbed by the mere novelty of the thing. We watched Mr. Herkomer's moon at Bushey, as we watched the luminous Graal at Bayreuth, with all our eyes, in sheer childish curiosity, to find out "how it was done." But the novelty would soon wear off. Modern interiors are now placed on the stage every day with an absolute perfection of realism which (the question of footlights apart) Mr. Herkomer himself could not possibly better. If the critics of half a century ago could have foreseen this development of scenic art they would have predicted that audiences would be so absorbed in studying upholstery and wall-papers as to have no eyes for the acting. But we know, as a matter of fact, that this is not the case. There was a brief period during which the actors were dwarfed and cumbered by over-furnishing on the stage; but that period is long past, so far as our leading theatres are concerned. For two minutes after the rise of the curtain we may give our minds to considering the greater or less richness and beauty of an interior; but as soon as the playwright makes any claim on our attention, it is all at his service, and we are conscious of the decorations only as a background (and, at such theatres as the Garrick and the St. James's, usually a delightfully appropriate background) to the dramatic action. Nowadays, it is not perfect mounting but imperfect mounting (of modern interiors) that worries us and distracts our attention. Mr. Herkomer foresees, and would help on, the time when architectural scenes and landscapes shall be mounted with equal perfection of detail—when, in short, we shall "make our flats jine" as perfectly in *Macbeth* as in *A Pair of Spectacles*. This is his crime—"the head and front of his offending hath this extent, no more." For my part, I believe Mr. Walkley's friend, the Time-Spirit, is with him, and that the Methods of Bushey, developed and modified to suit larger stages, will slowly, but surely, spread through the theatrical world. Slowly, because they can be carried out only by a new race of scenic artists, which cannot be bred in a day; surely, because, when an ideal of beauty is placed before it, the spirit of man is restlessly inventive, and cannot long remain content with half measures. Of one thing I am quite